

WONDER WOMAN

Screenplay by

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Based on the DC Comic

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FADE IN:

EXT. OPEN SKY -- NIGHT

The vast open SKY filled with impossibly bright STARS, an aching clear midnight blue. PAN DOWN over faint ripples of pale clouds, to come to rest on

AN ANCIENT GREEK CITY white marble and rough-hewn timber, beautiful and majestic, carved statues and gleaming halls and an arena, all built around a soaring-columned TEMPLE.

Superimpose: **Themiscyra, City of the Amazons.**
The Age of the Ancient Greek Gods.

SENTRIES stand at the city gates, breastplates a dull gleam in the darkness, swords sheathed at their backs.

Below the Temple we see THE QUEEN'S PALACE. A LOW LIGHT burns inside one of the windows.

INT. QUEEN'S PALACE -- QUEEN'S CHAMBERS -- NIGHT

A brazier of GLOWING COALS pulses like a radiant heartbeat. A WOMAN lies stretched on the bed, sleeping peacefully: HIPPOLYTA, QUEEN OF THE AMAZONS, stunningly beautiful, with the lean, strong body of a born fighter.

O.S. the sound of gentle footsteps approaching --

HIPPOLYTA

(softly)

Come to bed... What are you doing
up?

TIGHT ON HIPPOLYTA as she rolls over, arms stretching back with lazy sensuality to reach for someone behind her --

-- and with a razor-sharp WHISHKT! a SWORD BLADE comes down to STAB her through the chest.

MALE VOICE

I was opening the city gates.

Hippolyta GASPS in shock, BLOOD BLOSSOMS over her chest in a spreading scarlet STAIN -- for some reason, her hands go protectively over her BELLY.

A SWIRL of movement behind her, the BILLOW of a black cape as the MAN strides out, knocking over the brazier as he goes. BRIGHT COALS spill onto the floor -- the wall hangings smolder, then BURST into flames.

One hand still over her stomach, Hippolyta's gaze fixes on the rising flames as the life BLEEDS out of her --

(CONTINUED)

HIPPOLYTA
(a ragged whisper)
Goddess...

-- and her eyes go DARK and EMPTY.

EXT. GATES OF THEMYSKIRA -- NIGHT

CLOSE ON THE FALLEN BODIES OF THE SENTRIES, eyes WIDE in death, SPRAWLED on the ground in a pool of dark blood --

-- as WARRIOR'S SANDALLED FEET come RACING through frame, OBLITERATING the fallen Amazon's bodies from view.

HIGH ABOVE THE GATES, we watch as a FLOOD of GREEK SOLDIERS pour into the city, SWARMING the quiet buildings like INSECTS -- and then we hear SCREAMS.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ANCIENT CITY OF THEMYSKIRA -- DAWN

The Amazon city is a BURNING RUIN. The graceful stone buildings are SCORCHED and blackened, the paved streets littered with the BODIES of AMAZONS, broken and pale.

A MAN strides through the carnage in black armor, carrying an IRON SPEAR, Soldiers FALLING BACK around him with a heart-fist SALUTE. He is sleek and strong, his face at once handsome and cruel. He exudes raw, almost primal POWER.

He is ARES, GOD OF WAR.

He stalks past the Amazon dead without a glance, going straight to a ragged CLIFF WALL beside the Temple -- where a GRANITE DOUBLE DOORWAY has been carved into the living rock. RUNES are carved in the stone, a SEAL across the doors.

Suddenly, THE SKY OVERHEAD DARKENS with thick clouds. Ares looks up, startled --

ARES

No... no --

-- as TINY TONGUES OF BLUE FLAME spill OUT OF THE TEMPLE DOORWAY, spreading like oil burning on water to RACE over the city, the granite door, the Amazon bodies in a thin layer of BLUE FIRE, covering everything but Ares and his soldiers.

The blue fire BUILDS into a WHIRLWIND of flame, rising up toward the sky like a FIERY TORNADO, a ROAR as loud as the OCEAN shakes the sky -- the flames becomes UNBEARABLY BRIGHT --

-- and then FADE, to reveal that the entire Amazon City has VANISHED from around Ares and his soldiers. Every Amazon corpse, every building -- completely GONE.

(CONTINUED)

Ares WHIRLS around in disbelief, now standing in the center of an OPEN PLAIN. He looks to the skies --

ARES (CONT'D)

I will have it, do you hear me?

(a roar of rage)

I will have what is mine!

We PAN UP from his raised spear, into the wide BLUE SKY --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPEN SKY -- DAY

Another sky, bright over an azure ocean, no land in sight.

Superimpose: Present day.

WHOOSH-SHRRACCK! a FIGHTER JET goes SCREAMING through frame, feeling like it's TEARING the very fabric of the sky -- it's

AN AMERICAN F-18 HORNET pushing Mach 2 as it STREAKS through the sky so fast the eye can barely follow -- and behind it,

AN MiG-31 FOXHOUND RIPS through the clouds, CHASING the Hornet, air BOILING off the wings in waves of blistering heat as the MiG CLOSES fast --

WIDEN TO REVEAL that we have dropped in the middle of a vast aerial DOGFIGHT. The sky is ALIVE with jets, swooping and diving in a complicated aerial ballet of DESTRUCTION.

Missiles EXPLODE in midair, gunfire echoes RATTATTATTATT! through the sky -- and at the center of the battle we see

A MILITARY TRANSPORT JET, surrounded by four F-18 fighters flying a desperate DEFENSIVE PATTERN to guard it.

BACK TO THE FIRST F-18 as it goes SHRIEKING down into a steep dive, THE MiG racing close behind. We SHOOT through the open air, down into the F-18 COCKPIT --

INT. TREVOR'S HORNET COCKPIT -- DAY

-- to find CAPTAIN STEVE TREVOR, WRESTLING with the cockpit controls as he BARKS into his headset:

STEVE TREVOR

-- under attack by a squadron of MiG-31 fighters, North Korean markings, not answering hail -- repeat, this is Captain Steve Trevor commanding Red Hawk squadron, we are under attack --

Trevor's console BEEPS wildly, radar tracking an INCOMING MISSILE headed right for him --

(CONTINUED)

F-18 PILOT PAPA BEAR
(filtered, on headset)
Sidewinder on your tail, Captain!

But Trevor is already SLAMMING down a button --

STEVE TREVOR
Roger that, Papa Bear.
Countermeasures away --

EXT. AIRCRAFT IN SKY -- CONTINUOUS

A small cylinder SHOOTs out from Trevor's F-18 -- the Hornet
PULLS UP as the cylinder releases a FLARE of heat and light --

-- and the Sidewinder heat-seeking missile SNAKES after the
FLARE decoy, EXPLODING with a massive THROOOMM!

THE F-18 SCREAMS skyward, Trevor racing just ahead of the
blast wave, then suddenly LOOPS over with incredible speed --
to come STRAIGHT BACK DOWN, heading right for the MiG.

INT. TREVOR'S HORNET COCKPIT -- CONTINUOUS

Trevor FIRES with cool precision --

STEVE TREVOR
Right back at you.

EXT. AIRCRAFT IN SKY -- CONTINUOUS

-- and the MiG EXPLODES in a shower of fuselage and flame.

INT. TREVOR'S HORNET COCKPIT -- CONTINUOUS

Trevor PLUNGES back into the thick of the fight --

STEVE TREVOR
(rapidfire)
Preacher, take the wing man, Tex,
you're on the runner, Papa Bear,
cover Tex. Tighten it up, boys and
girls.

F-18 PILOT DOC
(female voice, filtered)
*Coming in at 4 o'clock on the
transport starboard --*

STEVE TREVOR
Take him out, Doc.

F-18 PILOT DOC
(with satisfaction)
Aye aye, sir.

(CONTINUED)

TRANSPORT PILOT

*This is Eagle Two to Captain Trevor.
The Vice President wants to know --
what the hell is going on?*

INT. TRANSPORT JET -- DAY

The interior of the transport jet, where the distinguished-looking VICE PRESIDENT sits nervously as the craft SHAKES.

A COLONEL comes back from the cockpit, steadying himself on the bulkhead as the jet JERKS again --

VICE PRESIDENT

What did Captain Trevor say?

The Colonel drops into his seat beside the Vice President.

COLONEL

He said "fasten your seat belts."

EXT. AIRCRAFT IN SKY -- DAY

The BATTLE RAGES over the open skies -- MiGs and F-18's SCREAMING through the clouds, missiles SLICING the air.

THE F-18'S WHIP through combat as if all the jets were parts of a single, flawlessly deadly MACHINE. Trevor's people aren't just good -- they're the BEST.

An F-18 FIRES -- another MiG EXPLODES in fire and debris --

INT. HORNET COCKPIT -- CONTINUOUS

The FEMALE PILOT, "DOC," sweeps out in a smooth bank away from the explosion.

F-18 PILOT TEX

Not bad shootin' for a girl.

DOC

Hear me roar, baby.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTER -- DAY

An ultra high-tech COMMAND CENTER, housed in a vast underground bunker. The walls are covered with MONITORS, READOUTS, RADAR SCREENS; the BUZZ of communications and intercepted transmissions DRONES steadily in the background.

UNIFORMED MEN AND WOMEN move swiftly through their duties, all wearing crisp BLACK UNIFORMS, with insignia at the heart and shoulder: a blood-red WOLF, FANGS bared.

(CONTINUED)

ON A MASSIVE VIEWSCREEN against one wall, we see the DOGFIGHT, an aerial satellite view -- and watching it raptly, A MAN IN THE CENTER OF THE ROOM sits in a raised chair, a long BLACK ROBE shrouding him like liquid night, the cowl keeping his face HIDDEN in shadow.

A NERVOUS MAN, MILLER, stands near him, also in a black robe with the RED WOLF INSIGNIA, his hood pushed back, watching the dogfight on the screen. He turns to the SHADOWED MAN --

MILLER

(agitated)

With respect, my lord -- if our pilots don't retreat now, they'll be killed.

The Shadowed Man steeples his fingers calmly.

SHADOWED MAN

Better they should die than fail me.
And they know it.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRCRAFT IN SKY -- DAY

As the last of the MiG's EXPLODE in a rain of debris, THE FINAL MiG goes STREAKING away from the fight.

The MiG is DAMAGED, all its missiles SPENT, gun ports TRAILING SMOKE, but the jet is still moving FAST.

INT. HORNET COCKPIT -- CONTINUOUS

TEX, a long rangy Dallas boy who looks exactly like his name, FIRES at the fleeing MiG -- but the missile EXPLODES SHORT.

F-18 PILOT TEX

Dammit. Comin' at you at six o'clock,
Cap --

EXT. AIRCRAFT IN SKY -- CONTINUOUS

TREVOR'S HORNET RACES after the fleeing jet.

STEVE TREVOR (O.S.)

I'm on him.

The MiG Pilot JERKS his jet to the side --

INT. TREVOR'S HORNET COCKPIT -- CONTINUOUS

Trevor ROLLS fast, keeping him in his sights, takes aim and PULLS THE TRIGGER -- but his missile DOESN'T FIRE.

Trevor FIRES again, pressing the trigger with violent desperation -- NOTHING. The instrument panel FLARES with bright red lights and beeping ALARMS.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE TREVOR
(rapid, tight)
I've got a weaps malfunction,
missile's jammed --

EXT. AIRCRAFT IN SKY -- CONTINUOUS

THE MiG has BANKED around whip-lash fast, STREAKING upward
through the sky -- Trevor's F-18 WHIPS around after him --

STEVE TREVOR
Somebody take the sonofabitch out!

F-18 PILOT PAPA BEAR
(panicked)
Negative, Cap, we're out of range --

-- and we see the MiG is headed at screaming speed straight
toward the Vice President's transport.

STEVE TREVOR
(horrificed)
Jesus. He's going to ram him.

Chasing the MiG, Trevor SHOUTS at the aircraft as if the
pilot could hear him:

STEVE TREVOR (CONT'D)
You kamikaze lunatic -- you're about
to start a goddamn war!

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTER -- DAY

The Shadowed Man, hearing Trevor's transmission, LEANS
FORWARD; red readout lights RAKE across his face --

-- revealing ARES.

ARES
That would be the point.

CUT TO:

EXT. TREVOR'S HORNET COCKPIT -- DAY

Trevor is CHASING the MiG desperately as it CLOSES on the
Veep's jet -- Trevor's F-18 is on a parallel path, but below
and behind the MiG.

STEVE TREVOR
(shouting into headset)
Eagle Two, you have incoming hostile
craft, brace for impact, do you read,
brace for impact --

(CONTINUED)

Trevor looks up, sees he is now almost directly UNDER the attacking MiG -- and suddenly he PUNCHES it, his F-18 SURGING forward AHEAD of the MiG.

STEVE TREVOR (CONT'D)
 (at the MiG)
 You want to kill somebody?
 (savagely)
Come on.

Trevor JERKS the joystick, sending his jet into a WRENCHING VERTICAL CLIMB, a backwards arc on a direct collision course with the MiG.

F-18 PILOT PAPA BEAR
Cap, are you nuts?

The F-18 SHAKES violently, engines SHRIEKING in protest as the F-18 RIPS upwards in a backwards loop right for the MiG --

F-18 PILOT TEX
 (panicked)
No one can pull a backloop at that speed!

Trevor doesn't even seem to hear them, GRIMACING in pain as the gees SLAM him like a SLEDGEHAMMER -- yet, impossibly, his hand stays ROCK STEADY on the throttle.

And now things start happening VERY FAST.

The F-18 CURVES back at SCREAMING SPEED -- it's SPLIT SECONDS from CRASHING into the MiG -- when suddenly

A SHIMMERING SILVER-BLUE FIELD

ERUPTS around the F-18's nose, RIPPLING OUTWARDS to form a BOILING, SHIMMERING HOLE of swirling, blinding blue-silver. It's if a LAKE OF QUICKSILVER had opened in the middle of the sky, with Trevor's F-18 right in the center --

STEVE TREVOR
 What -- ?

-- but one syllable is all he has time for, as

TREVOR'S F-18 PLOWS INTO THE MiG IN MIDAIR

sending both jets CAREENING away from the Vice President's transport in a TANGLE of smoking, torn metal -- and

BOTH THE F-18 AND THE MiG PLUNGE through the SHIMMERING OPENING, SWALLOWED instantly into the roiling BLUENESS --

(CONTINUED)

-- and with a CRACK as loud as a SONIC BOOM, THE HOLE IN THE SKY CLOSES behind them, VANISHING as quickly as it appeared.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTER -- DAY

Ares' command center, where the VIEWSCREEN shows the Vice President's jet surrounded by nothing but EMPTY SKY. The PILOTS' transmissions overlap, panicked, confused:

F-18 PILOT PAPA BEAR
Cap, do you read me? Cap?

F-18 PILOT TEX
What the hell just happened?

F-18 PILOT DOC
He's gone -- Jesus, he's just -- gone --

ARES has jumped to his feet, hood pushed back, STARING at the viewscreen with a look of FIERCE, FERAL HUNGER.

ARES
(demanding)
Did you see that?

Miller looks TERRIFIED, clearly worried that Ares is about to EXPLODE over this defeat --

MILLER
My lord, this is a temporary setback,
that's all. We have enough time
before the Camp David summit, the
Vice President can still be --

ARES
(explosively)
Silence!

Ares gestures at the screen, the empty sky --

ARES (CONT'D)
By all the damned souls of Hades --
he broke through. He broke through!

Without another word, Ares STRIDES for the bulkhead door, his long black robe FLOWING behind him. Miller SCURRIES after him, catches up as Ares opens the door --

INT. UNDERGROUND LOCKER ROOM -- MORNING

-- and, bizarrely, they step into a plush EXECUTIVE LOCKER ROOM. Taupe carpet, cherry-wood lockers, starched towels.

MILLER
My lord -- I don't understand --

(CONTINUED)

ARES
(sarcastic)
Really, Miller? What a surprise.

Still walking and talking, Ares STRIPS OFF his robe without missing a beat, handing it to a VALET trotting next to him --

ARES (CONT'D)
Your job isn't to understand.

-- revealing a SLEEK ARMANI SUIT beneath. Ares has TRANSFORMED in an instant from creepy cult guy into an impeccably dressed POWERFUL BUSINESSMAN.

ARES (CONT'D)
It's to obey.

Miller hastily pulls off his own robe, revealing a BUSINESS SUIT beneath his black getup as well. Ares reaches the end of the locker room, a PRIVATE ELEVATOR opening a moment before he reaches it.

ARES (CONT'D)
I want the board in the conference room. Now.

INT. PENTHOUSE OFFICE -- DAY

A VAST CONFERENCE ROOM, perched on a skyscraper's topmost floor. The room is sleek, ultra-modern, all glass and stone and steel -- but decorated with a collection of ANTIQUE WEAPONS from every conceivable era.

A long ebony table dominates the room. Conservatively-suited MEN and WOMEN are HURRYING in, scrambling to their chairs.

ARES
(clipped, arrogant)
There is a recording of this morning's operation. I want it studied, deconstructed, analyzed in every possible detail. All resources are to be diverted to this project.

The Suits look SHOCKED, glancing at each other in confusion.

ARES (CONT'D)
It is now not only your first priority -- it is your only priority.

SUIT #1
(protesting)
But -- the escalation in Southeast Asia -- ?

Miller quickly interjects himself.

(CONTINUED)

MILLER

That's what I was trying to tell
you, my lord --

(earnestly)

If we can derail the Camp David
summit, our projections show a 96
percent probability of war within
the year. We can't just abandon the
operation when we're so close --

With a lightning-quick movement, Ares SWEEPS up a MEDIEVAL
BROADSWORD from the display beside him and THROWS it with
terrible, inhuman strength straight at Miller --

-- and the heavy broadsword SLAMS into Miller's CHEST with
such force that he is HURLED through the air, killed instantly
and IMPALED on the office wall.

ARES

(brisk, cool)

I decide what can be done -- and
what cannot.

The other Suits look on in horror at Miller's limp CORPSE
pinned to the richly paneled wall, Wall Street meets Attila
the Hun.

Ares walks over to the wall, then turns to look at Suit #1 --

ARES (CONT'D)

Congratulations, Rucka. You've just
been promoted. You're my new CEO.

Ares JERKS the sword free -- the corpse FALLS to the floor
with a chilling THUD.

ARES (CONT'D)

I strongly advise you not to screw
up.

Ares WIPES the blood from the sword with quick expertise.
Suit #1 -- RUCKA -- tries not to look down at the body as
Ares continues in a businesslike tone.

ARES (CONT'D)

We will continue to target the G7
leaders at the Camp David summit.

(a quiet smile)

But not for assassination.

He turns to the other Suits.

ARES (CONT'D)

The game has changed, gentlemen.
The stakes are no longer one little
war.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ARES (CONT'D)

We are playing to remake all of the
world -- in the image of the wolf.
My image.

Rucka and the Suits clap their hands over their hearts and
bow their heads, the same gesture we saw from the Greek
Soldiers in the opening --

ARES (CONT'D)

(to Rucka)

Find me another pilot who can do
what Trevor did. We must recreate
exactly what happened --

RUCKA

(fervently)

My lord, we can do better than that.
We'll find you the pilot himself --

ARES

No. You won't.

Ares hefts the sword thoughtfully as he turns to hang it
back on the wall.

ARES (CONT'D)

If Trevor's gone where I think he
has... he's already dead.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOREST OF THEMYSKIRA -- DAY

A rich green forest, lush and verdant as a fairy tale
enchanted wood. Ancient, towering trees rise like temple
columns from the earth, forming a thick canopy high overhead.

In a sheltered glade, the stream feeds into a STILL POOL.
CLOSE ON THE WATER, reflecting sunlit leaves above -- as

A SANDALLED WOMAN'S FOOT steps into frame, soft leather sole,
crisscrossing straps lacing all the way up a smooth calf.

WIDEN TO REVEAL A YOUNG WOMAN stepping up to the pool,
kneeling down by the water's edge with catlike grace, studying
a small INDENTATION in the earth.

Her hair is long and black, swept from her face to fall in
glossy curls down her back; her skin is tawny sun-gold, her
eyes brilliant BLUE, deep as the ocean.

There's a TATTOO on her arm, stylized like a tribal
scarification, the familiar WW we all know.

She wears a light tunic with a DAGGER belted at her waist;
a HUNTING BOW and quiver are slung over her shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

Her name is DIANA.

DIANA
(studying the tracks)
The lion was here.

Behind her, another WOMAN enters the glade, leading two graceful horses. This is CLIO -- clearly older than Diana, her expression shows she'd rather be anywhere but here.

CLIO
(worried)
Princess --

Diana reaches for her horse, looks impatiently at Clio.

DIANA
Don't call me that --

CLIO
(correcting herself)
Diana --

DIANA
-- you only ever call me that when
you're about to tell me what to do --

CLIO
-- we should turn back.

DIANA
(her point made)
See?

Diana swings up on the horse, heads out of the glade. Clio mounts quickly, scrambles to catch up with her.

CLIO
You know your mother doesn't think
you're ready --

DIANA
My mother doesn't think I'm ready to
knot my own sandals, Clio.
(with determination)
Maybe when I capture the mountain
lion that mauled her best hunter,
she'll rethink her position.

CLIO
Rethink her position. Your mother.

DIANA
(admitting)
Well, all right, maybe not.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DIANA (CONT'D)

(dogged)

But the creature is dangerous, and
it must be caught.

CLIO

True -- but why do you have to be
the one to do it?

DIANA

(impish smile)

As you say -- I'm the Princess.

EXT. BEACH OF THEMYSCIRA -- DAY

Diana and Clio ride down a BEAUTIFUL WHITE SAND BEACH, opening
onto crystal blue water. Waves break on the glittering shore,
the sound of the SURF like the deep, comforting THRUM of a
mother's womb.

CLIO

(studying the ground)

He can't be too far ahead --

But Diana comes to an ABRUPT STOP, looking at something IN
THE WATER, where the waves are breaking onto the sand.

DIANA

Clio.

The tone of her voice brings Clio UP SHORT -- she follows
Diana's gaze DOWN TO THE BEACH, where

STEVE TREVOR lies half-in and half-out of the water,
unconscious, flight suit life jacket keeping him AFLOAT in
the shallows. His body ROLLS a little with every wave.

CLIO

(shocked)

By the Goddess...

The women approach him CAUTIOUSLY -- Diana kneels down,
reaching toward his face --

CLIO (CONT'D)

(sharply)

Don't touch him!

Diana JERKS her hand back obediently. She leans down, looking
at Trevor's face closely without touching him.

DIANA

I think he's alive.

(looks up at Clio)

Get my mother.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH OF THEMYSKIRA -- DAY

Later. Diana sits on her knees, watching the unconscious Trevor. She glances back impatiently at the forest -- what is taking Clio so long?

Diana studies Trevor's face -- although we don't know it for sure, we can guess: he is the first man she's ever seen.

Slowly, Diana reaches a tentative hand out toward his temple, where an ugly GASH trickles blood. Her hand BRUSHES his skin -- she JERKS it back, a knee-jerk reaction, as if she had touched a BURNING COAL --

-- but then, EMBOLDENED, she touches him again, strong slender fingers running over the gash with expert care, then feeling his neck, checking for a PULSE.

DIANA

(softly)

You are alive. I knew it.

Diana puts her arms under him and LIFTS him with easy strength. His head rolls back limply, dripping water.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Lets at least get you where it's dry --

And suddenly, Trevor's eyes FLUTTER. Diana FREEZES -- and he slowly opens his eyes, unfocused and CONFUSED.

For one eternal beat, Diana and Steve Trevor look at each other, neither quite sure what they are seeing -- yet both somehow knowing that this ONE MOMENT will change everything.

STEVE TREVOR

(bleary, half-conscious)

Did I... am I...

A voice sounds like a WHIPCRACK across the sands --

HIPPOLYTA

Diana!

Diana glances back to see HIPPOLYTA striding toward her -- the same woman we saw DIE in the opening. The AMAZON QUEEN.

FIVE STUNNINGLY BEAUTIFUL WOMEN flank her. Their hair is intricately braided, twisted up with gold cord; they wear light, gauzy capes over filmy short TUNICS.

Obedient to her mother's FURIOUS glare, Diana carefully SLIPS her arms out from under Trevor. He COUGHS convulsively, spitting up seawater, then rolls clumsily on hands and knees.

(CONTINUED)

Trevor looks up through wet-plastered hair, disoriented, eyes struggling to focus -- the women gazing silently down at him seem like GODDESSES come to life.

STEVE TREVOR
(gasping, coughing)
Who... who are you?

A tall BLACK WOMAN steps forward, her jet hair hanging in a twisted braid down her back like a gleaming velvet rope.

STEVE TREVOR (CONT'D)
Is this... heaven...?

A breeze FLUTTERS the Black Woman's light robes aside -- revealing a gleaming HAMMERED BREASTPLATE, matching the worked leather-and-brass armor VAMBRACES on her wrist.

AMAZON
No.

Trevor's eyes WIDEN, realizing she's wearing armor -- as the Woman, PHILLIPA, CLOCKS him hard across the jaw, a clean, efficient blow. He goes down without a sound, UNCONSCIOUS.

HIPPOLYTA
This is Themiscyra. And we are
Amazons.

Off Hippolyta's SEARING LOOK at her daughter, we

CUT TO:

INT. HALL OF LAW -- NIGHT

ALL THE AMAZONS are gathered for ASSEMBLY, in loud and contentious DEBATE. DIANA stands among them, staying silent as the others ARGUE around her.

AELLA
We all know the law. It is forbidden
for a man to breach our shores --

CLIO
In fairness, Aella, it looked less
like "breaching" and more like
"falling" --

AELLA
His bad luck. The law remains clear --
no man may see Themiscyra and live.

A blonde woman, EPIONE (the Healer) speaks up heatedly.

(CONTINUED)

EPIONE

Let us not speak of "luck" when we talk of taking a life! Amazons do not murder in cold blood.

PHILLIPA

(coolly)

But we may kill in self-defense.

AELLA

Exactly.

(to Epione)

Have you forgotten that it was a man who betrayed the Nation?

PHILLIPA

She is right. If Patriarch's world learns of our existence, they would once more hunger for our destruction --

(darkly)

-- and try again to take that which we guard.

An UPROAR at this, the Amazons ARGUING loudly with each other --
Diana stands, her voice cutting through the noise --

DIANA

You think he came here to steal what lies behind Doom's Doorway?

(an edge of sarcasm)

It's a novel method of attack, washing up half-dead on a beach.

HIPPOLYTA

(warning)

Diana. You are still a child. You have no place in these counsels --

DIANA

I am an Amazon born.

HIPPOLYTA

Yes -- born here, on Themiscyra, long after the Nation left the Patriarch's world. You know nothing of men, or their ways --

DIANA

Neither do you. You speak of the world of men -- as it was thousands of years ago.

(an edge of longing)

Think what this man could tell us of the earth now, beyond these shores -- the ways the world has changed, wonders he has seen that we cannot know, or even dream of...

(CONTINUED)

Hippolyta's voice interrupts Diana like a SLICING BLADE.

HIPPOLYTA

The world may well have changed.
But men do not.

The rest of the Amazons have gone silent, watching as mother and daughter lock eyes.

DIANA

You don't know anything about him.
None of us do.

The tall black Amazon, GENERAL PHILLIPA, interrupts their stare-down --

PHILLIPA

We know all that matters: he found
a way here.

MURMURS of agreement from the Amazons.

PHILLIPA (CONT'D)

He is the key to a door that Ares
has never been able to open. If the
wargod knows this man has reached
Themyscira --

Phillipa looks to Diana, a calm but implacable challenge, a seasoned general coldly assessing military risk.

PHILLIPA (CONT'D)

-- Ares will stop at nothing to have
him.

(flatly)

Sending him back is too great a risk.

DIANA

Not if he has protection.

HIPPOLYTA

(scornful)

From who? An Amazon? No one would
be foolish enough to go to the
Patriarch's world willingly.

Diana turns to her mother, shoulders squared.

DIANA

I will.

(enthusiastically)

Think what I could see, what I could
learn --

Hippolyta has gone PALE, looking as if she was just SLAPPED.

(CONTINUED)

HIPPOLYTA

If you insist on speaking of
Patriarch's world like an awestruck
child, then I will treat you as one --
it is late, and you should be asleep.

(shortly)

Clio, see the Princess to her rooms.

Diana FLUSHES, furious and humiliated in front of the entire
Assembly -- she whirls and stalks out.

EXT. COURTYARD -- NIGHT

Diana STRIDES out into the flagstone courtyard, FURIOUS, as
Clio comes out after her.

DIANA

(raging)

I am not a child!

CLIO

Your mother is only doing what she
thinks necessary, to protect us all.

DIANA

Which means that the man must die.

Diana looks at Clio -- her teenage anger falls away, and we
glimpse the leader she was born to become, a clear-eyed
warrior weighing possibilities with ruthless honesty.

DIANA (CONT'D)

What if she's wrong?

Clio is taken aback, not quite sure how to answer. Diana
turns away, headed out of the courtyard.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Go back, Clio. I'll tuck myself in.

EXT. TEMPLE OF HEALING -- NIGHT

Diana walks past a small building with a CADEUCIS carved
over the lintel -- two snakes twined over a staff, the ancient
symbol for HEALING. Diana suddenly STOPS.

INT. TEMPLE OF HEALING -- NIGHT

Diana moves quietly into the TEMPLE OF HEALING. The open
chamber, lined with pallets for the wounded, is DESERTED --

-- except for STEVE TREVOR, lying bandaged and unconscious,
long TAPERS throwing flickering light over his sleeping face.

Diana comes up, looking down at him with rapt fascination.

INT. MEDICINE ROOM -- NIGHT

Diana RIFLES hastily through the well-organized shelves, pushing through herbs and powders until she finds a BOTTLE.

INT. TEMPLE OF HEALING -- NIGHT

Diana holds the opened bottle over Trevor's sleeping lips.

DIANA

I want to know...

(with quiet intensity)

... who you are.

She pours a few drops from the bottle between his lips --
and Trevor OPENS HIS EYES.

Still bleary, only half-conscious, he looks up at her beautiful face and SMILES.

STEVE TREVOR

(out of it)

Hi...

DIANA

(gently)

Hello.

Trevor comes fully awake -- and suddenly, he sits BOLT UPRIGHT, the dreamy look on his face VANISHING.

DIANA (CONT'D)

(alarmed)

Wait --

But before she can finish, Trevor LASHES out -- he GRABS her arm and WHIRLS her around, WHIPPING his forearm over her THROAT, JERKING her back to pin her arms against his chest.

He holds her fast, glances over the room, combat ready.

STEVE TREVOR

(a harsh whisper)

Stay quiet.

Diana looks more ANNOYED than afraid.

DIANA

I was just going to tell you the same thing.

STEVE TREVOR

How do I get out of here?

(CONTINUED)

DIANA

(dry)
You might try the door. It's right
over there.

Trevor looks over at the UNGUARDED door, confused.

STEVE TREVOR

Am I a prisoner?

DIANA

It's an island. You work it out.
(pointedly)
This is very uncomfortable. I would
appreciate it if you would let go.

STEVE TREVOR

Why, so you can knock me out again?
I don't think so.

DIANA

I didn't strike you. That was General
Phillipa --

Trevor, meanwhile, has been glancing around the room, taking
in the ANCIENT GREEK-ERA architecture and furnishings.

STEVE TREVOR

What the hell is going on? What is
this place? Who are you people?

DIANA

This is the island of Themiscyra.
Who we are -- is a bit of a longer
story.
(pleasantly)
And if you don't let me go I am going
to have to hurt you.

STEVE TREVOR

(yeah, right)
Really.

And without warning, she SNAPS her head back, SLAMMING the
back of her skull into his forehead as she KICKS back with
one foot, CRACKING her heel into his knee.

She SWEEPS around, SLAMMING him down onto the pallet, PINNING
him beneath her with shocking strength.

DIANA

Really.
(rapid, pointed)
I could have broken your back -- or
your neck. Do you understand?

(CONTINUED)

Their faces inches apart, Diana straddling him and holding him down, Trevor looks up at her with grudging RESPECT --

STEVE TREVOR

Perfectly.

-- and there's a hint of something MORE in his voice, in his eyes as he looks up at her. Not flirtation -- but the kind of INSTANT ATTRACTION that takes both people by surprise.

DIANA

All right, then.

She RELEASES him quickly, flushed and a little uncomfortable at the feelings stirring inside her. Trevor turns away, trying to get his COMPOSURE back as well.

STEVE TREVOR

Look, I don't want to hurt anyone --
I just want to get out of here.

DIANA

(half to herself)

Believe me, I know exactly how you feel.

(sudden thought)

You want to know who we are? Come with me -- and I'll show you.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL OF ANCESTORS -- NIGHT

DIANA AND STEVE enter the darkened HALL OF ANCESTORS. The walls are DEEP in shadow.

DIANA

This is the Hall of Ancestors. The history of the Amazon Nation is told on these walls.

Diana holds up a torch to the wall -- a PALE WOMAN'S FACE seems to LEAP out at her. Trevor JUMPS BACK, startled --

-- but it's a STATUE OF THE GODDESS ARTEMIS, life-sized, limned by the firelight, the image part of AN ELABORATE STONE FRIEZE that rings the entire chamber.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Artemis, guardian of the innocent,
keeper of women and children --
goddess of the Amazons.

The goddess is carved in pale marble, hunting bow slung over her back and sword in hand, possessed of a wild, fierce beauty.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE TREVOR

There are stories of Amazons in my world -- but it was centuries ago.

Diana moves, her torch ILLUMINATING more frieze as she goes.

DIANA

Yes. We lived in the mortal world once, when Athens and Thebes and Troy were at their glory.

THE FIRST IMAGE in the frieze shows MEN in armor, women KNEELING at their feet.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Women were property, like cattle, owned by their fathers or their husbands. They could be beaten, raped, killed at the whim of a man.

ANOTHER IMAGE, like "The Rape of the Sabine Women" -- a city being SACKED, women being chased, captured, KILLED by men.

DIANA (CONT'D)

In war we were spoils, in peace, we were slaves.

ANOTHER IMAGE -- WOMEN gathering in supplication at the feet of the Goddess Artemis, arms raised in PRAYER to her.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Artemis heard the prayers of those women who would not be victims.

Trevor suddenly DOUBLE-TAKES -- because the images have started to MOVE, cold stone WHISPERING and TWISTING like a live thing to create a MOVING TABLEAUX as Diana speaks.

DIANA (CONT'D)

She came to them, trained them, taught them... and they became something the world had never seen before --

IN THE FRIEZE, the broken, wounded women gathered at Artemis' feet begin to RISE, stone SWIRLING like smoke --

DIANA (CONT'D)

-- warriors for peace.

-- and the carving transforms into WOMEN WARRIORS in fighting dress, fierce and beautiful, standing shoulder to shoulder.

DIANA (CONT'D)

The Amazon Nation.

(CONTINUED)

Trevor is STARING open-mouthed at the moving frieze, which has become like a three-dimensional MOVIE rendered in marble, images DISSOLVING and REFORMING like moving smoke.

IN THE FRIEZE, A CLOAKED FIGURE swirls into being, its fluid stone form JET BLACK, gleaming onyx against the white marble.

STEVE TREVOR
(finding his voice)
Um... what... ?

Diana misunderstands, thinks he is asking WHO the CLOAKED FIGURE is --

DIANA
(nods at the figure)
Ares, god of war, father of
destruction.

-- and the flowing cape and shadowed hood do look just like ARES as we first saw him, in the opening.

DIANA (CONT'D)
Artemis' brother -- and her greatest
enemy. He sought to plunge the mortal
world into bloodshed forever.

IN THE FRIEZE, the marble-white ARTEMIS and the onyx-black ARES battle each other with GLADIATORIAL FIERCENESS.

DIANA (CONT'D)
Ares made a terrible weapon, to help
him create a world of unending war.
But Artemis stole the weapon, placed
it behind a portal of ancient stone,
and set her Amazons to guard it.

ANOTHER IMAGE, of the GRANITE DOUBLE DOORWAY, Amazons STANDING GUARD in front of its massive structure.

DIANA (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Doom's Doorway. Guarding it is our
sacred trust.

Trevor's eye is caught by the NEXT IMAGE -- HIPPOLYTA with her arms around a strong WARRIOR, KISSING him passionately.

STEVE TREVOR
Something happened, didn't it?
Something terrible.

DIANA
The Nation could not be defeated --
not from the outside.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DIANA (CONT'D)

The Queen, Hippolyta, fell in love with a great warrior. But he betrayed her. He betrayed us all. He was an Acolyte of Ares.

ANOTHER IMAGE showing SOLDIERS IN BLACK hewing down half-dressed Amazons as they race to defend DOOM'S DOORWAY.

DIANA (CONT'D)

It was not a battle. It was a slaughter.

THE BLACK-CLOAKED FIGURE strides over FALLEN BODIES to the granite double doors --

DIANA (CONT'D)

But at the moment when Ares was about to open Doom's Doorway -- it vanished, and the Amazons with it.

STEVE TREVOR

(can't help himself)

And? What happened?

DIANA

Artemis brought the doorway here, to the island of Themyscira, sheltered by her power from the world of men...
(softly)

Then she reached into the Well of Souls and brought her daughters back.

ANOTHER IMAGE showing Artemis GATHERING SOULS, bringing women to her like children flocking to a sheltering mother.

DIANA (CONT'D)

She gave the Amazons strong, immortal bodies... and we became the guardians of Doom's Doorway for all time.

STEVE TREVOR

(she's joking, right?)

So you're telling me that everyone on this island is thousands of years old -- and can't die.

Diana LAUGHS, the sound a bright contrast to her dark tale.

DIANA

Don't be ridiculous.

Trevor, relieved, SMILES along with her laughter.

STEVE TREVOR

Yeah, for a second there I thought --

(CONTINUED)

DIANA

I said we were immortals, not gods.

Trevor stops smiling.

STEVE TREVOR

And the difference is... ?

DIANA

Have men truly forgotten so much?
The gift of immortality means only
that we do not grow old. We are
creatures of the earth, like you.
Cut us and we will bleed -- kill us,
and we can die.

Trevor just looks at her for a long moment, not sure what to think. Diana looks back, open, guileless, completely honest.

STEVE TREVOR

You expect me to believe that you --
personally -- are a few thousand years
old?

DIANA

Two thousand, five hundred and
eighteen.

For a second, Steve just STARES.

DIANA (CONT'D)

(helpfully)
Nineteen, next month.

STEVE TREVOR

(a little numb)
And -- you're saying you died with
all those other women -- fighting
against Darth War over there?

He gestures back at the frieze, to the horrific figure of ARES. For the first time Diana looks a little UNCERTAIN.

DIANA

Not exactly --

HIPPOLYTA (O.S.)

She died. But not fighting.

The room is suddenly ABLAZE with torches, as HIPPOLYTA AND THE AMAZONS come POURING in through the door, spears LEVELED straight at Trevor.

HIPPOLYTA (CONT'D)

Diana died with me, an unborn child
in my belly.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HIPPOLYTA (CONT'D)

She was butchered before she could even draw breath. That is why she has never seen a man before.

(cold)

She does not understand what you are. But I do.

Despite the otherworldly setting, Trevor looks like nothing so much as a boy caught kissing his date in her parents' driveway.

STEVE TREVOR

Then with all due respect, ma'am, you're one up on me. Because I don't believe we've met. Captain Steve Trevor, United States Navy --

HIPPOLYTA

It doesn't matter who you are. The law has been broken; the penalty is death.

STEVE TREVOR

(shocked)

What? What law?

(to Diana)

What did I do?

HIPPOLYTA

(to Phillipa)

Take him.

Philippa steps forward, armor GLEAMING in the torchlight, drawing her sword with a SWWIRISH of metal on oiled leather --

-- as Diana STEPS IN FRONT OF TREVOR, blocking Philippa.

DIANA

No.

STEVE TREVOR

Excuse me, I can handle this --

And a hundred spears come CLATTERING to bear on him.

STEVE TREVOR (CONT'D)

-- on second thought, maybe I'll let you handle it.

Diana has locked eyes with her mother, face DETERMINED.

DIANA

I found him. I saved him from death. By blood-debt, his life is mine.

(deep breath)

I claim the right of *aristeia*.

(CONTINUED)

SHOCKED MURMURS ripple through the Amazon ranks -- Hippolyta is clearly FURIOUS. Diana stands her ground.

DIANA (CONT'D)

I am an Amazon. You cannot deny me this.

Hippolyta looks at her daughter for a long moment -- then turns to the gathered Amazons:

HIPPOLYTA

(formally)

Aristeia has been demanded -- and so it shall be. Midday, at the Arena. Let it rest in the Goddess's hands.

(back to Diana)

I want to talk to you alone. Now.

INT. HALL OF LAW -- LIBRARY -- NIGHT

Hippolyta sweeps into a vaulted LIBRARY, Diana following her. Hippolyta stops with her back to her daughter, looking over the scrolls lining the walls from floor to ceiling.

DIANA

Mother, he means us no harm! There is no need to kill him --

Hippolyta turns to Diana, FRUSTRATION spilling over.

HIPPOLYTA

Because instead, you will go to his world? A world that drove us away, a world that murdered us! They have nothing to teach -- he has nothing to offer you --

Diana looks at her mother with sudden, dawning SUSPICION.

DIANA

There's something else here, isn't there? Something you haven't said.

Hippolyta's anger gives way -- revealing the ANGUISHED WORRY that she's been trying so hard to hide.

HIPPOLYTA

You must not go to man's world. It is dangerous for you, in ways you can't begin to understand --

DIANA

How can I understand what you won't tell me? What else can I do to make you see: I am no longer a child. Whatever is out there --

(CONTINUED)

HIPPOLYTA

It's not what's out there that I
fear!

(puts her hand on
Diana's heart)

It's... what's in here.

DIANA

What are you talking about?

HIPPOLYTA

The one who killed me, who killed us
both -- the one who fathered you --
he was no acolyte of Ares.

Hippolyta says the words as if they are being DRAGGED out of
her -- this is a secret she's kept for thousands of years.

HIPPOLYTA (CONT'D)

He was Ares himself.

Diana takes a step back from her mother, uncomprehending.

DIANA

But -- you told me --

HIPPOLYTA

He disguised himself. And he was a
consummate liar, as men often are.
I believed I had fallen in love with
a mortal man, a great warrior --
(shakes her head)
I decided you should never know --

DIANA

(finding her voice)

That was not your decision to make!
To hide such a thing from me --

HIPPOLYTA

I was trying to protect you!
Themyscira is shielded from Ares'
influence -- whatever powers you
have inherited from him, they are
dormant here.

(desperately)

But if you go to man's world, they
will surely awaken -- permanently.
And I fear you will not be able to
control them.

DIANA

Powers? What powers?

(CONTINUED)

HIPPOLYTA

You are half-god, Diana -- somewhere within you are abilities far beyond even the strongest Amazon. But I cannot predict what they will be. Herakles, Achilles, Perseus -- every child of the gods had different powers.

Diana is looking at her mother with horrible realization.

DIANA

You think -- you think if I go to man's world, I might become some kind of monster.

HIPPOLYTA

Diana, no, I --

DIANA

All my life I've felt different -- wrong somehow -- like I didn't belong here. I thought it was because I was the only Amazon who'd never lived in man's world -- you all shared a bond I could never be part of, you lived and died side by side.

(betrayed disbelief)

But you knew, all this time, you knew the truth. I feel different because I am different -- from you, from all the others -- I'm the child of our oldest enemy!

HIPPOLYTA

You're my child as well! I didn't tell you because you belong here with me! I was afraid -- that I would lose you. I'm still afraid.

DIANA

And for your fear, I should watch him slaughtered, as I was? As we all were?

(quiet)

I cannot. And I will not.

Diana stalks out, leaving Hippolyta looking after her, pale and speechless.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAN'S WORLD -- AIRCRAFT CARRIER -- DAY

A huge aircraft carrier floats on the placid ocean. A disciplined crew swarms busily over the decks, in the same black uniforms with blood-red WOLF insignia.

(CONTINUED)

AN F-18 goes ROARING overhead, wind WHIPPING from its wings as it shrieks past

ARES, who is standing on an observation deck on the carrier's prow. Rucka is beside him.

ARES
(watching the jet)
You have accounted for everything?

RUCKA
(ticking off)
The computer simulation we've shown to the pilots is accurate to within 1/1,000th of a percent, sir. We're at the exact coordinates where Trevor vanished. The F-18's are the same model he was flying, adjusted with ballast for his particular body weight, spent fuel and ordinance.
(hesitating)
Although...

ARES
(sharply)
Yes?

IN THE SKY, the FLYING F-18 SCREAMS through the air as they speak, gathering speed.

RUCKA
It would seem the maneuver is a particularly difficult one.
Apparently Trevor was a gifted pilot.

The F-18 SCREECHES upward in a hellacious vertical climb, then starts to LOOP BACK just as Trevor did --

ARES
How gifted?

-- and the flying F-18 EXPLODES in a gout of smoke, flame and flying debris.

RUCKA
(a beat)
Very.

Ares says nothing for a moment, watching the debris RAINING down in smoking fragments to plunge into the ocean.

ARES
(dangerously calm)
I trust the preparations for the Camp David summit are going better than this?

(CONTINUED)

RUCKA

Yes, my lord. We have full infiltration of all the delegations. The G7 leaders can be extracted and reinserted in a matter of hours --

(hesitating)

-- although I am still not clear on where, exactly, we are extracting them to.

Ares turns from looking at the wreckage to Rucka --

ARES

Themyscira.

CUT TO:

EXT. THEMYSCIRA -- ARENA -- NOON

The Amazons have gathered to watch the contest to come in the ARENA, a coliseum in the center of the city.

HIPPOLYTA sits on her dais at the far end of the rotunda, her throne beneath the statue of ARTEMIS.

TREVOR stands at the base of the dais, the Guard at his back, Phillipa at his side. His hands are CHAINED together.

STEVE TREVOR

(whispered, to Phillipa)

What's happening?

PHILLIPA

The Princess declared herself your champion against the entire Nation.

FOUR ARMORED AMAZONS enter the rotunda, marching in lockstep. Each carries a different WEAPON (trident, spear, etc.)

PHILLIPA (CONT'D)

Instead of fighting all of us, *aristeia* allows single combat against our best warrior in each weapon.

AT THE OTHER END OF THE ROTUNDA, the Amazon ranks PART -- revealing DIANA as she walks up the steps into the arena. Morning sunlight GLEAMS off the polished brass of her breastplates and VAMBRACES (wrist bracelets.)

Her armor is Roman Centurion crossed with Greek goddess -- brass breastplate over a light leather tunic and a short, paneled fighting skirt; supple leather boots overlaid with worked brass greaves.

HIPPOLYTA

Let *aristeia* begin!

(CONTINUED)

DRUMS POUND, tribal, primal -- and Diana STEPS INTO THE ARENA.

A QUICK SERIES OF CUTS to the sound of the driving DRUMBEATS, showing Diana as she fights each of the Champions:

FIGHTING WITH TRIDENTS -- Diana and Amazon #1 WHIRL the three-pronged spears like deadly quarterstaves, SLAMMING blow and counterblow, tridents moving faster and FASTER --

-- until Diana feints, blocks, SWEEPS the Amazon's feet out from under her and STABS her own trident down, stopping with the razor points a millimeter from the Amazon's NECK.

FIGHTING HAND TO HAND -- and we've never seen anything like this, the brutal gymnastic skill of Greek wrestling coupled with Amazon speed and strength.

Diana is cornered, dazed. Amazon #2 goes for a final blow -- but Diana was FAKING, hands SNAPPING up as she BLOCKS, levers and SPINS in midair, KICKING the Amazon to send her FLYING.

FIGHTING WITH THE BRACELETS -- Diana stands with her wrists CROSSED -- as Amazon #3 STARTS FIRING ARROWS at her with TERRIFYING rapidity, one after another.

Diana BLOCKS the arrows with the VAMBRACES on her wrists, SPARKS flying as metal arrowheads CRACK into her bracelets.

The arrows SPEED UP, WHISTLING through the air faster and faster -- but Diana never flinches, her arms a BLUR as arrows are FLUNG away from her body.

An arrow comes straight for her face -- Diana CATCHES it, the point an INCH from her eye, WHIPS it around and THROWS it like a dagger -- impaling Amazon #3 THROUGH THE HAND.

FIGHTING WITH SWORDS -- Diana BUCKLES her sword, clips a COILED ROPE to her waist. Amazon #4 steps forward --

HIPPOLYTA (CONT'D)

Hold!

Hippolyta RISES, stands before her throne. She unclasps her cloak, which falls to her feet to reveal the ARMOR beneath.

HIPPOLYTA (CONT'D)

I will be the champion of the sword.

AT THE DAIS, PHILLIPA sucks in her breath suddenly.

STEVE TREVOR

(worried)

What?

Phillipa's eyes stay on Hippolyta as she UNSHEATHES her sword, steps into the arena.

(CONTINUED)

PHILLIPA

The Queen fights with the ancestral weapons of the Nation -- the sword of Perseus, the golden lasso of Gaia. They were forged by the firegod Vulcan himself.... and legend says they cannot be defeated.

HIPPOLYTA AND DIANA SALUTE each other -- and Hippolyta ATTACKS. Their blades CLASH together, metal RINGING on metal.

Hippolyta FLICKS OUT the rope from her waist, it CRACKS out like a WHIP, gleaming gold, fast as a snake -- our first look at the GOLDEN LASSO. Diana DODGES, FLICKS OUT her lasso as well, a dull silver-grey rope.

The women BATTLE back and forth across the arena, whips CRACKING, blades FLASHING, a ballet of rope and steel.

Hippolyta's whip TWISTS around Diana's sword arm, she CORNERS Diana, back to a pillar, Hippolyta's blade at Diana's heart --

HIPPOLYTA

Do you yield?

Trapped, Diana looks up at her mother -- and her face suddenly goes DARK, a terrible FIGHTING RAGE surging up inside her.

DIANA

(almost a snarl)

No.

Diana SLAMS up her whip arm, Hippolyta's blade SPARKING as it BITES into the vambrace -- Diana FLICKS her lasso, WHIPPING it around Hippolyta's leg just as Hippolyta KICKS OUT.

They go down in a TANGLE, both instantly ROLLING to their feet -- but Diana moves a SPLIT SECOND FASTER.

Hippolyta finds herself LOOKING DOWN DIANA'S BLADE, the point leveled right below her nose.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Do you?

Hippolyta gives Diana a long, PIERCING LOOK -- then wordlessly DROPS her own sword with a CLATTER that ECHOES over the arena, letting the lasso fall from her fingers as well.

Diana turns to the assembled Amazons, sword still in hand.

DIANA (CONT'D)

The man is mine.

(defiantly)

Is there any here who disputes me?

(CONTINUED)

The Amazons are SILENT -- there is no sound but the SNAPPING of pennants in the morning breeze.

Diana STRIDES over to Trevor. She raises the blade -- Trevor meets her eyes, he doesn't know what she's going to do, but he doesn't FLINCH --

DIANA (CONT'D)

Then I say --

-- and Diana brings her sword down SHHH-KLING! onto the chains that bind Trevor to the pillar. The chains fall with a CLANG.

DIANA (CONT'D)

He shall live.

Trevor doesn't move, he and Diana stand with their eyes FIXED on each other -- until Diana hears Hippolyta getting to her feet behind her. Diana turns to her mother.

HIPPOLYTA

When you held me at swordpoint, I looked in your eyes -- and saw your father staring back at me.

(beat)

I ask you for the last time: do not go to man's world.

DIANA

Whoever my father is, I am still an Amazon. And my mother did not teach me to be a coward.

HIPPOLYTA

(angrily)

Do this thing, and you are no daughter of mine.

(with finality)

If you leave Themyscira -- do not think to come back.

A GASP from the gathered Amazons. Hippolyta and Diana face each other, on the edge of a mother/daughter chasm so familiar it could be happening anywhere.

DIANA

You are the Queen. Exile me if you choose.

(quietly defiant)

But I will still go.

HIPPOLYTA

(snapping back)

You want to go? Very well. Get the priestess. You leave within the hour.

(CONTINUED)

Hippolyta STRIDES away, leaving Diana shocked behind her.

INT. TEMPLE OF ARTEMIS -- NIGHT

The TEMPLE OF ARTEMIS, shafts of late afternoon sunlight slanting across carved marble columns in streaks of red-gold. DIANA stands in front of the STATUE OF ARTEMIS; then she goes down on one knee, like a soldier before her commander.

DIANA

(to the statue)

I -- I don't even know what to pray for. All my life I have longed to see the world beyond Themiscyra. I thought I knew everything here so well... and yet it turns out I don't even know myself.

(almost a whisper)

Tell me, goddess -- what should I do?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Don't hold your breath waiting for an answer. You know the gods don't work that way.

Diana turns to see MAGDALA, a striking woman in her 40's.

MAGDALA

I thought the high priestess taught you better than that.

DIANA

You did.

(sighs)

Maybe I just want to believe Artemis will safeguard me, keep me from making mistakes --

MAGDALA

(drily)

She's an ageless deity from the ancient world, Diana. Not a nursemaid.

She perches on the altar steps, next to Diana.

MAGDALA (CONT'D)

You must chart your own course, make your mistakes and learn from them. Face who --

(with emphasis)

-- and what -- you are.

DIANA

Even if it means disaster?

(CONTINUED)

MAGDALA

The worst disasters forge the greatest heroes. Hadn't you noticed?

(gets to her feet)

Come, little bird. Your mother is in a hurry to kick you out of the nest. Let's not disappoint her.

EXT. BEACH OF THEMYSKIRA -- SUNSET

DIANA AND TREVOR come down to the beach, Amazons CROWDING around them.

STEVE TREVOR

This is crazy. I'm a Navy Captain, a pilot, a soldier -- I don't need saving! I won't let you do this --

DIANA

You cannot be sent back without protection. If Ares --

STEVE TREVOR

(in disbelief)

Ares. Ok, I get that you're in kind of a bubble on the island here, but I think if the god of war -- the god of anything -- were hanging out in my world, I'd have heard about it.

DIANA

(surprised)

There are no gods in your world?

STEVE TREVOR

(floundering a little)

Well, yes, of course there are -- just not -- look, trust me on this, where I come from, Ares has pretty much left the building.

(frustrated)

You don't need to do this -- leave everything that means anything to you. There has to be another way --

DIANA

Not if I want you to live.

Their eyes meet for a moment -- and Diana quickly looks away. They reach Hippolyta, where she waits at the water's edge.

HIPPOLYTA

Soldier of man's world -- my daughter has ransomed your life with her own.

(icy)

Do you think you're worthy of her sacrifice?

(CONTINUED)

STEVE TREVOR

(helplessly)

Frankly, ma'am? I think I'm on a morphine drip in Bethesda, and none of this is real.

CLIO (O.S.)

(shouting)

Wait -- wait!

CLIO comes running through the crowd of Amazons, carrying a PACKAGE wrapped in oilskin. She races to Diana breathlessly.

CLIO (CONT'D)

A few of us made something for you.
For your journey.

(opens the oilskin)

When you demanded the tournament yesterday, I knew you would win.
And I knew that when you won... you would leave.

She reveals A SET OF AMAZON ARMOR, custom-made for Diana. The breastplate is hammered into an EAGLE DESIGN; the leather beneath the gold breastplate is dyed a rich, crimson RED.

DIANA

Clio, it's... it's beautiful.

Clio smiles, quickly starts helping her put it on.

CLIO

Elena has been at the forge since last night -- Danae said when she finished, she drank a quart of wine and fell asleep over the anvil.

The wrist vambraces are worked with the WW design we all remember. The leather pleated gladiator skirt is a deep ocean blue, with golden STARS for the RIVETS in the leather.

CLIO (CONT'D)

The designs and colors are from the man's uniform -- we thought it might make things easier for you, if you wore the symbols of their world.

Diana now stands in her new armor, the classic shapes and colors -- we are seeing the first moment of what will become an ICON: THE COSTUME OF WONDER WOMAN.

CLIO (CONT'D)

But you will always be Diana, daughter of Hippolyta. Amazon of the Nation.

Diana looks curiously as Clio ties a LEATHER POUCH at her waist, starts to open it -- but Clio catches her hand.

(CONTINUED)

CLIO (CONT'D)

Open it after you reach man's world.
And know that we will never forget
you.

DIANA

Thank you, Clio. Thank you all.

Diana and Clio reach out, CLASPING hand to forearm in the
age-old handshake of WARRIORS.

HIPPOLYTA

It's time for you to go.

DIANA

I'm ready.

Hippolyta looks at her steadily, her expression unreadable.

HIPPOLYTA

I very much fear that you are not.

MAGDALA raises her hands and face to the sky.

MAGDALA

In the name of the goddess...

As if in response to her voice, a WIND rises off the ocean,
blowing Diana's hair back as she faces the dancing water.
MIST rolls in from the ocean, rapidly thickening into a SOLID
WALL OF FOG that FLOWS toward the shore --

MAGDALA (CONT'D)

...let the door be opened.

-- and the mist HALTS, SHIMMERING, at the shoreline, inches
from Diana's feet. Diana looks out for a last moment at the
island, lit with the last rays of the setting sun.

DIANA

(to Trevor)

Will the sunsets be different, in
your world?

STEVE TREVOR

No.

(can't begin to explain)

Just everything else.

And Diana STEPS INTO THE MIST with Trevor at her side. The
fog SWIRLS around them, ENVELOPING them -- and they VANISH.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND CAVERNS -- NIGHT

We move rapidly through an old, crumbling SEWER SYSTEM -- windowless tunnels branch in all directions, overhead pipes DRIP into fetid darkness --

ARES (O.S.)
(furiously)
You are all useless!

-- to come to rest in a vaulted UNDERGROUND CAVERN, part of the same vast complex that houses Ares' command bunker, all sunk deep below the Buchanan Industries skyscraper.

ARES sits on a raised dais; he's surrounded by A CIRCLE OF HIS ACOLYTES, black-cloaked with red wolf insignia.

ARES (CONT'D)
After all the gifts I've given you --
wealth, strength, promotions and
power, the deaths of your enemies --

His Acolytes bow down nervously as he RANTS. They are of VARIED RACES AND NATIONALITIES -- it's clear Ares' people have infiltrated MANY NATIONS.

ARES (CONT'D)
-- I ask such a simple thing of you:
find one man, one man who can do
what Trevor did. And what do I get?
(seething)
Very -- expensive -- wreckage.

ENGLISH ACOLYTE
My lord, we have brought you the
most skilled pilots we have --

CHINESE ACOLYTE
The prime minister of my country is
beginning to ask questions --

Ares JUMPS to his feet, face DARK with wrath.

ARES
Don't bother me with details! Do
none of you understand what's at
stake here? I am on the verge of
creating the greatest conflict in
history --

Rucka looks up, eager to please --

RUCKA
(nodding)
World War Three.

Ares WHIRLS on him.

(CONTINUED)

ARES

You think that's what I'm doing?
World War Three?

(disgusted)

My wars are not sequels, Rucka!

RUCKA

(hastily)

Of course not, my lord --

Ares next words are said with FEROCIOUS INTENSITY, that tells us he has lived all his endless life with only ONE GOAL:

ARES

I will give this world war without
end. For all time.

And suddenly, Ares STOPS, raising his head like a wolf
SCENTING prey in the wind.

ARES (CONT'D)

(softly)

Something moves in the godstream.
Power is brought to bear, great power --

RUCKA

But -- the other ancient gods are
all but forgotten, far too weak to
access the power of the godstream --

ARES

There is one.
(deep sarcasm)
My beloved sister. Artemis.

He closes his eyes, cocks his head as if listening to
something incredibly distant --

ARES (CONT'D)

Something comes from Themyscira --
(eyes snapping open)
Something mortal.

Ares suddenly GRINS with MALICIOUS DELIGHT.

ARES (CONT'D)

(wicked glee)

That sentimental, weak-minded bitch!

He turns to his Acolytes, instantly SERIOUS, BARKING orders.

ARES (CONT'D)

Monitor all military and police
communications, check every hospital
and trauma center --

(CONTINUED)

RUCKA

(confused)

Of course, my lord -- but for what?

ARES

My prediction of Trevor's death may
have been somewhat premature.

CUT TO:

EXT. VIRGINIA COASTLINE -- EVENING -- ESTABLISHING

TWILIGHT on the VIRGINIA COASTLINE. The cold Atlantic breaks onto a beach below rows of traditional East Coast homes, about as Americana as you can get.

Waves crash against BOULDERS scattered through the shallows. More boulders rise along the beach, like the half-buried fossilized bones of some massive forgotten creature.

A HOUSE fronting the beach is alive with music and laughter, LIGHT spilling from the porch down to the surf -- where

DIANA lies IN THE CENTER OF AN OUTCROPPING OF BOULDERS, unconscious on the sand, body outstretched as if she were a ragdoll FLUNG onto the beach by a child's hand.

Diana GROANS, rolls over --

PARTYGOER'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hey -- you guys -- get out here!

At the sound of the voice, Diana suddenly SNAPS AWAKE. O.S. FOOTSTEPS RUNNING down to the beach; Diana instinctively FLATTENS herself against the rocks, staying out of sight.

Cautiously, she PEERS around the boulders. Several PARTYGOERS hurrying down to the shoreline a few yards away --

-- where STEVE TREVOR lies sprawled senseless on the sand.

PARTYGOER 2

(bending over Trevor)

He's unconscious, but he's breathing.

Call 911. Now!

DIANA stays hidden, watching as the unconscious Trevor is SURROUNDED by people from his world.

EXT. FRONT OF BEACHHOUSE -- NIGHT

Diana steals around the rocky wall on the side of the house, coming out near the driveway just in time to see TWO PARAMEDICS loading Trevor into the back of an ambulance.

Diana watches as the ambulance ZOOMS away, the words ST. MARY OF MERCY HOSPITAL emblazoned on the back doors.

EXT. UPSCALE STREET -- NIGHT

Keeping out of the light, Diana walks along the edge of the road in a neighborhood of MANSIONS. Cars WHOOSH by -- she FLINCHES, then STARES, fascinated and intimidated at once.

The road comes to a FORK. Diana stops -- as the awful realization sinks in that she has no idea which way to go.

She stands at the fork, frozen with indecision and rising despair. Cars WHIZ by -- and Diana SINKS to sit on the curb, looking very LOST.

DIANA

How can I protect Trevor if I can't
even find him?

She notices the LEATHER POUCH at her belt that Clio gave her. Curious, she opens it -- and the GOLDEN LASSO spills out into her hands like molten gold. Diana STARES, amazed.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Clio --
(can't suppress a
grin)
Mother is going to kill you --

O.S. a terrified CRY from the darkness -- Diana JUMPS up --

OLD WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Stop! Don't --

Without thinking, Diana breaks into a RUN.

EXT. DESERTED STREET -- NIGHT

The road is small and DESERTED. A RANGE ROVER is parked on the roadside, headlights stabbing into the dark to illuminate

AN OLD HOMELESS WOMAN, bulky layers of clothes greasy and ragged, unkempt white hair lank over her face.

FIVE COLLEGE-AGE BOYS, designer country-club casual, HARRASS the Old Woman in the harsh circle of the headlights.

FRAT BOY #1

This is private property, scumbag!

The Old Woman COWERS, her hand SHIELDING her eyes from headlights.

OLD WOMAN

(quavering)
It's a public street, I have every
right to walk here --

(CONTINUED)

FRAT BOY #1

Rights?

The Frat Boys pass a bottle of SINGLE MALT between them as Frat Boy #1 DECLAIMS grandly.

FRAT BOY #1 (CONT'D)

What about our rights? The right to safe, clean streets without flea-bitten druggies? No drunken bums, no people in tinfoil hats --

(gets up in the Old

Woman's face)

-- no you.

At the back of the Rover, FRAT BOY #2 PIPES up --

FRAT BOY #2

Hey, Derek, check it out!

Frat Boy #2 holds something up -- a set of GOLF CLUBS. He TOSSES one to Frat Boy #1, who HEFTS it, grinning.

FRAT BOY #1

You need to learn --

He SWINGS the heavy club experimentally -- it cuts through the air with a wicked WHOOSH.

FRAT BOY #1 (CONT'D)

-- to stay where you belong.

The others are LAUGHING and CHEERING him on -- Frat Boy #1 draws back the club, aiming for the Old Woman's STOMACH --

FRAT BOY #1 (CONT'D)

Fore!

The Frat Boys HOWL with laughter -- the club comes WHISTLING down --

-- and from the darkness behind them, Diana LEAPS OVER the Old Woman, landing in a CROUCH in front of her. The golf club impacts CLANG! into Diana's WRIST VAMBRACE --

DIANA

(incensed)

How dare you harm this old one?

Have you no respect?

Diana WHIPS her wrist around, GRABS the club, JERKING it from the Frat Boy -- and without thinking, she CRACKS the steel club in HALF with one hand.

Diana and the Frat Boys both look EQUALLY STUNNED as they look down at the broken club --

(CONTINUED)

DIANA (CONT'D)

How did I... ?

But before she can finish the thought, Frat Boy #1 CHARGES her with a drunken ROAR of anger. He LEAPS on her -- Diana PUNCHES him back a single clean blow --

-- and amazingly, he goes SAILING through the air. Diana looks down at her fist in SHOCK --

-- but the other Frat Boys are already PILING ON, tackling her in a flurry of KICKS and PUNCHES.

It's almost SCARY how fast Diana dispatches them, A SINGLE BLOW each sending them FLYING back to land THUD in the road.

DIANA (CONT'D)

(looking at the
sprawled Frat Boys)

Well -- that was unexpected.

She turns to the cowering Homeless Woman --

DIANA (CONT'D)

Are you all right?

Behind her, Frat Boy #1 SCRAMBLES up, grabs another golf club -- and without looking, Diana FLICKS the lasso from her waist, SNAPS it out behind her to CRACK right at his feet.

DIANA (CONT'D)

(not turning around)

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

It seems I'm much stronger than I
used to be.

(pointed)

And I used to be very strong.

A quick CHIRP of a SIREN cuts through the air, as a sedan from a PRIVATE SECURITY COMPANY comes cruising up.

SECURITY OFFICER

Is there a problem?

Diana glances at the revolving light -- just like the ambulance -- and then down at the uniformed Officer.

DIANA

They were hurting her. I stopped
them. You can take them away now.

Diana turns her back on the surprised Officer. He goes over to the Frat Boys, as Diana crouches down beside the Old Woman.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Don't worry, they can't hurt you now --

(CONTINUED)

ON THE OLD WOMAN as she raises her head, pushing the matted hair away -- her face seems to MELT away, revealing a younger, more beautiful one beneath --

-- and impossibly, it's MAGDALA, the High Priestess of Themyscira. Diana pulls back, SHOCKED --

DIANA (CONT'D)

I don't understand -- what are you doing here --

(sudden suspicion)

Who are you?

Magdala pulls her close, keeping her voice LOW:

MAGDALA

On Themyscira, they call me high priestess -- but I am older even than the Amazons know.

(fond smile)

What goddess would not live among her people, if she had the chance?

DIANA

You -- you cannot be --

(in disbelief)

-- Artemis?

Magdala -- who has just revealed she is really ARTEMIS -- glances over at the Officer. He's deep in discussion with the Frat Boys, ignoring Artemis and Diana for the moment.

ARTEMIS

There's not much time. I am weak in this world, my worship forgotten -- every moment I stay, I feel my strength ebbing away.

She gives Diana a thoughtful look.

ARTEMIS (CONT'D)

But I needed to see what powers would awaken in you, when you came here. And I have seen.

The Frat Boy is GESTURING and POINTING at Diana --

FRAT BOY #1

(to the Officer)

-- crazy hooker bitch attacked us -- I want to press charges, do you know who my father is -- ?

Artemis leans closer to Diana, her voice quickening.

(CONTINUED)

ARTEMIS

(low, rapid)

Listen to me, Diana: you have indeed inherited your father's strengths. You are half Amazon, half god, a combination this world has never before seen. Remember this: as Ares is powerful, so are you.

(urgent)

But be careful. With Ares' bloodline comes danger as well as strength. His is a dark, cold gift. Have a care that it is you who uses the power -- not the power that uses you.

Diana opens her mouth, a thousand questions racing through her head --

-- and at that moment the SECURITY OFFICER comes up behind her, BARKS out loudly:

SECURITY OFFICER

All right, young lady --

Diana turns to him, impatiently -- and KER-CLICK! something closes over her WRISTS. Diana looks down to see the Officer has SNAPPED HANDCUFFS on her.

SECURITY OFFICER (CONT'D)

Now let's try again -- what the hell is going on here?

But instead of answering, Diana STAGGERS, suddenly WEAK. Shocked, she looks down at her BOUND HANDS held out in front of her -- she turns back to Artemis --

-- but Artemis has VANISHED.

DIANA

(weakly)

What... ?

And she COLLAPSES against the Officer, unable to stand.

FRAT BOY #1

I told you -- the bitch is high, look at her! I want her arrested, and the crazy old bum too --

(realizing)

Where the hell did she go?

SECURITY OFFICER

Don't worry, sir. I'll radio the other cars to look out for her --

The Officer STEERS Diana, barely conscious, toward the car.

(CONTINUED)

SECURITY OFFICER (CONT'D)
-- and I'll take care of this one.

INT. POLICE STATION -- NIGHT

A busy metropolitan police station, filled with the inevitable Friday night crowd -- prostitutes, drunks, people bloodied and shouting from fights, distraught robbery victims. In short, it's a ZOO. Welcome to man's world.

Still handcuffed, barely able to walk, Diana is HAULED across the crowded bullpen by a POLICEWOMAN. A POLICEMAN whistles.

POLICEMAN
Hey Barbarella, nice boots -- what'd she do?

POLICEWOMAN
Rent-a-cop from Beach Drive dropped her off, she roughed up some spring break country club brats -- we'll process her with the rest in the morning.

The Policewoman shoves her into a HOLDING CELL already MILLING with women. She SLAMS the door, then JERKS Diana's arms through the bars to unlock the handcuffs.

The moment the handcuffs are removed, Diana PULLS back from the bars, like someone WAKING from a nightmare.

Uncertain, groggy, she looks around her -- the cell is filled with WOMEN in gaudy, skimpy clothes, heavily made up, smoking, chatting. They're PROSTITUTES (not that Diana would know.)

BLONDE PROSTITUTE
(sympathetically)
You gotta watch out for the rich kids. Seen *Risky Business* too many times, they never want to pay.

Diana stands up, still a little SHAKY. An OLDER PROSTITUTE joins the BLONDE PROSTITUTE beside her.

DIANA
I -- I always thought it was a legend, a myth --

OLDER PROSTITUTE
Honey, cheapskate men are a fact of life.

DIANA
Not that --
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DIANA (CONT'D)

(rubbing her wrists)

If an Amazon allows her wrists to be bound by a man, she loses her strength. My mother told me the story when I was a child, but I -- I didn't listen to her.

(miserably)

About a lot of things.

OLDER PROSTITUTE

Let me guess...

(eyes her thoughtfully)

Runaway. Had a fight with your folks, now you're going to prove you can make it on your own in the big, bad world -- am I right?

Diana glances down at her lasso, her mother's gift -- and at the same moment, realizes her OTHER WEAPONS are gone.

DIANA

Where is my sword? My weapons --

BLONDE PROSTITUTE

Yeah, they generally don't let you keep those in jail.

(interested)

You get a lot of customers wanting the Xena thing?

But Diana isn't paying attention, she grabs the bars, YELLS --

DIANA

You must let me out -- give me back my weapons -- I've done nothing wrong!

None of the Police even NOTICE her cries over the COMMOTION of the station. A TALL PRO, SMOKY, barks a bitter laugh.

SMOKY

Heads up, Dorothy. Kansas? Not so much.

DIANA

My name is Diana.

SMOKY

Whatever. The point is, whatever bus you just fell off of, you honestly think anyone around here gives a damn if you're innocent?

DIANA

You don't understand, I must leave. I have a mission, it's important --

(CONTINUED)

SMOKY

What's important is that you're working my last nerve with this, Sheerah. We're all legitimate businesswomen who need to get the hell out of here, and unless you've got a way to do that I suggest you shut up --

Without a word, Diana reaches over, grips the heavy lock on the cell door -- and TWISTS it in two with her hand.

SMOKY (CONT'D)

(not missing a beat)

Or you could keep right on talking.

Smoky SLIDES a hand out, DANGLING it casually over the broken lock to keep the Police from seeing it.

SMOKY (CONT'D)

(voice low)

Ok, ok, everybody shut up and let Beastmaster talk --

BLONDE PROSTITUTE

Beastmistress, you moron.

SMOKY

Whatever.

Diana is studying the CEILING LIGHTS over the bullpen --

DIANA

What makes those function?

BLONDE PROSTITUTE

The lights? Um -- light switches?

She POINTS to a row of SWITCHES by the door. Diana nods.

DIANA

They took my arrows and my dagger.
I will need something sharp.

INT. POLICE STATION -- NIGHT -- MOMENTS LATER

The POLICEMAN who called Diana "Barbarella" comes through the station door carrying a tray of COFFEES and doughnuts -- when something WHIZZES through the air right past him.

He JUMPS back, turns to see A SEQUINED FIVE-INCH HIGH HEEL SHOE, pointed heel EMBEDDED in THE SWITCH PANEL by the door.

The wall switch SPARKS -- the ceiling lights FLICKER -- the Policeman WHIPS around, follows the trajectory to see

(CONTINUED)

DIANA, IN THE HOLDING CELL, as she throws the other shoe with pinpoint ACCURACY -- the heel tears CRACK! into the wall panel, which SPARKS wildly as it SHORTS OUT -- plunging the bullpen into BLACKNESS.

PANDEMONIUM in the bullpen, cops SCRAMBLING, suspects BOLTING, SHOUTS and YELLS and things CRASHING --

-- and the Prostitutes OPEN the cell and RACE for the exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. MARY OF MERCY HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

ST. MARY'S, a large, busy HOSPITAL. Ambulances pull in and out, people come and go despite the late hour.

An old beat-up car pulls up -- SMOKY drives, Diana beside her. SEVERAL PROSTITUTES are crowded into the backseat.

DIANA

And you're sure --

SMOKY

(exasperated)

Look, I'm not gonna tell you again:
nobody uses horses but the Amish,
ok?

(points out the window)

You're here. This is St. Mary's.

Diana fumbles with the door, trying to find the handle -- after a second, Smoky reaches over and OPENS the door.

DIANA

Thanks.

INT. ST. MARY OF MERCY HOSPITAL -- LOBBY -- NIGHT

Diana comes up to the main desk.

DIANA

I'm looking for Captain Steve Trevor.

NURSE

(typing, reads monitor)

Trevor... room 512. But you can't
go in -- he's under military guard.

She looks over her glasses, gives Diana a disapproving look.

NURSE (CONT'D)

And we don't allow strip-o-grams in
the hospital, honey.

INT. TREVOR'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT

Trevor is sitting up in bed, surrounded by his FLIGHT TEAM from the OPENING: DOC, PAPA BEAR, TEX, PREACHER. The pilots are playing it cool, still clearly OVERJOYED Trevor is alive.

PAPA BEAR

(enthusiastic)

Onboard radar clocked you well past
mach 5 -- fastest sub-orbital climb
on record, man --

DOC

(sternly)

What he's saying is, you should be
dead.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(from the doorway)

We all thought you were.

Steve turns sharply at the sound of the voice -- to see A BLONDE WOMAN standing in the doorway, 20's, cheerleader-pretty. Meet VANESSA KAPATELIS -- Steve's GIRLFRIEND.

She looks at him, her eyes filling with TEARS -- then hurries over and KISSES HIM. She pulls back, HUGS him hard.

VANESSA

(face buried in his
chest)

They told me -- they said -- you
weren't coming back.

Steve hugs her back -- but he looks a little UNCOMFORTABLE, as if he can't quite respond with the same intensity. Vanessa disentangles herself, wipes her eyes quickly --

VANESSA (CONT'D)

(to the Pilots)

Hey, guys. Sorry, I just --

PREACHER

It's cool.

DOC

Yeah, when I thought the Cap had
fragged himself trying to save
Preacher, I started crying myself.

TEX

(grinning)

You're the damned Chuck Yeager of
your generation, boss. You were
tougher than the goddamned jet --

(CONTINUED)

STEVE TREVOR
Is that what happened? The rig
cracked up?

The Pilots GLANCE at each other uneasily.

PREACHER
You don't remember?

STEVE TREVOR
I --
(catches himself)
I'm not sure what I remember.

PAPA BEAR
Well -- they told us that when you
punched through the sound barrier,
your trajectory set up some kind of
soundwave resonance that concussed
the tracking radar -- by the time
they got it back online, you'd gone
down --

DOC
(impatiently)
Which is pure grade A government
bull hockey. Air Force Brass-speak
for "the damn jet's gone and we don't
know where the hell it went."

PAPA BEAR
Come on, Doc --

DOC
(flatly)
I know what I saw. It looked like --
like --

PREACHER
(to Trevor)
Like you tore a hole in the sky, and
sailed right through it.

DOC
Besides, you can't set up morphic
resonance from just one punch-through --
overlapping field waves require
multiple sources --

TEX
See, this is what comes from educatin'
women.

DOC
(amiably)
Shut up, Tex.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DOC (CONT'D)
 (emphatically)
 I'm just saying: Bull. Hockey.

ADMIRAL JIMINEZ, a tall, gruff man, comes in, leaving the door AJAR behind him.

ADMIRAL JIMINEZ
 Visiting time's up, folks. Let the man get some sleep.

As the Pilots and Vanessa say goodbye, we

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Diana moves uncertainly down the empty hallway, looking for Trevor's room, glancing through open doors as she passes --

POV DIANA, catching GLIMPSES of PEOPLE in the hospital beds:
AN OLD MAN, tubes and monitors snaking out of his body;
A YOUNGER MAN flushed with fever, MOANING in his sleep;
A WOMAN covered with bruises, who STARES numbly back at Diana as she passes, her blackened eyes HAUNTED by violence.

Diana looks disquieted -- she's never seen anything like this before.

Ahead, she spots ROOM 512 -- Trevor's room. TWO MARINES stand guard outside, but the door is open as the Pilots say goodbye --

POV DIANA -- as she sees VANESSA bending down and KISSING Steve goodbye with quick, possessive tenderness.

Diana STOPS in her tracks as if she'd been suckerpunched. Almost unconsciously, she takes a faltering step BACKWARDS --

-- and TWO ORDERLIES pass by, NUDGING each other as they give her a frankly leering ONCE-OVER. Diana takes in their eyes, STARING at her everywhere but her face -- and feeling suddenly naked in every way, BLUSHES furiously.

She DUCKS to the side, going BLINDLY through the nearest doorway to escape their stares, the sight of Steve, everything --

INT. DOCTOR'S LOUNGE -- NIGHT

-- and finds herself in a NURSES' LOUNGE. A VOICE sounds behind her, Diana WHIRLS in panic -- to see A TELEVISION BLARING in the corner, tuned to a NEWS STATION.

NEWSCASTER
 (on tv)
 -- upcoming G7 summit at Camp David,
 where the President is expected to
 address global arms proliferation --

(CONTINUED)

Diana barely takes in the television when BEEEEEP!BEEEEEP!
something SHRILLS by her head -- she DROPS instinctively and
flicks out the lasso CRACK! at the beeping --

-- and the lasso RIPS DOWN THE PHONE ON THE WALL, sending it
FLYING in a jumble of wires and broken plastic.

Diana stands up sheepishly, regarding the ruins of the phone.

DIANA

I think I made a mistake.

The door to the hallway has a narrow glass WINDOW in it --
Diana looks cautiously through it, across the hall to see
STEVE TREVOR laying back in his bed.

DIANA (CONT'D)

(as if speaking to
Trevor, softly)

Mother was right -- I don't belong
here. Nothing is what I expected.
I thought I could just come to man's
world and everything would be easy...

As Diana watches, the Nurse in Trevor's room turns out the
light, and Trevor VANISHES into darkness. Diana leans her
head against the door, expression FORLORN.

DIANA (CONT'D)

I was a fool.

She moves away from the door, goes to the window, looking
out on THE VAST CITY SKYLINE glittering below her.

ON THE TV, the news DRONES on over images of RIOTS in Haiti,
an EARTHQUAKE in Japan, WILDFIRES in the Southwest. Diana
turns to watch, fascinated and horrified.

DIANA (CONT'D)

(softly)

What am I doing in this place?

She puts her fingers lightly, curiously on the screen --
IMAGES OF VIOLENCE cascade over her, the tv light FLICKERING
on her face like cold fire.

CUT TO:

INT. TREVOR'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT

TREVOR lies sleeping in his bed, the lights LOW.

CLOSE ON THE WINDOW, as something MOVES in the darkness
outside. We hear the almost-silent SQUEAK of GLASSCUTTERS
as FINE LINES are drawn around the WINDOW EDGES --

(CONTINUED)

-- and the window POPS SILENTLY INWARD, surgically cut out from the metal frame, four SUCTION CUPS on cables LOWERING the sheet of glass soundlessly to the floor, and

TEN BLACK-CLAD COMMANDOS, slip smoothly through the window, unclipping from CABLE LINES that allowed them to RAPPEL down from above.

They move with ninja-silent stealth, fanning out with quick, professional precision.

COMMANDO #1 moves to stand over Trevor. He pulls out a HYPODERMIC filled with TRANQUILIZER, turns to the LEAD COMMANDO -- RUCKA.

COMMANDO #1

(to Rucka)

This should keep him quiet for a few hours --

And Trevor's eyes SNAP OPEN, he GRABS Commando's wrist --

STEVE TREVOR

Yeah, I'm thinking not.

Trevor JERKS the Commando's arm up, WRENCHES it sideways, GRABS the GUN from the Commando's waist, they WRESTLE for it --

-- and the gun GOES OFF, bullets SLAM THWUMP!THWUMP!THWUMP! into the wall over the bed, raining down chunks of PLASTER and dust.

Trevor WRESTS the gun away, ROLLING fast from the bed as the Commando LUNGES for him with a KNIFE, slashing --

-- and Trevor SHOOTS, point-blank, sending the Commando's DEAD BODY FLYING back into his scrambling team. Trevor DIVES, SHOVES the heavy hospital bed over with a CRASH --

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE TREVOR'S ROOM -- NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

ON THE MARINES outside Trevor's room -- as the CRASH of the bed sounds from behind the closed door.

MARINE

What the hell --

They draw their guns, throw open the door --

INT. TREVOR'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

STEVE TREVOR

(a desperate shout)

Get down!

-- as the Commandos SWIVEL to OPEN FIRE on the Marines.

(CONTINUED)

The room is a PANDEMONIUM of bullets, gunsmoke and plaster dust as Trevor and the Commandos SHOOT fast and furious, Trevor CORNERED -- the Marines are brutally CUT DOWN --

-- and something WHIPS through the door in a FLICKER of GOLD, COILING instantly around Commando #2's GUN ARM -- THE LASSO.

COMMANDO #2 is JERKED toward the door -- he FLIES off his feet, SLAMMING into the doorframe, SLUMPING down unconscious.

For an instant the gunfire STOPS, everyone TURNING in the eerie silence to look in the direction of the lasso to see

DIANA, backlit by the flickering shattered corridor lights, smoke SWIRLING around her, LASSO dangling from one hand.

DIANA

(a promise)

Touch Steve Trevor -- and I will
tear you apart.

She CRACKS the lasso like a WHIP, it SNAKES toward another Commando -- he DODGES, gun coming up --

-- and the Commandos OPEN FIRE on her, a THUNDER of bullets.

Diana WHIPS her arms in front of her, CROSSED at the wrist -- and BLOCKS the gunfire with her bracelets, arms WHIPPING in front of her with inhuman SPEED.

Bullets RICOCHET off the vambraces, SPARKS flying from her wrists -- she starts ADVANCING on the Commandos, moving steadily forward despite HAIL of bullets.

POV TREVOR, seeing several COMMANDOS slipping around the room perimeter. Wedged behind the overturned bed, he can't get a good shot at them -- his jaw TIGHTENS with resolve --

Trevor VAULTS over the bed, drops and ROLLS to come up BEHIND DIANA --

STEVE TREVOR

(a greeting)

Hey.

-- and he OPENS FIRE on the Commandos circling her from behind, sending them SCURRYING for cover.

ON DIANA AND TREVOR

as they join forces, BACK TO BACK, fighting the bad guys together with an almost unconscious RHYTHM, their brutal team combat somehow strangely INTIMATE.

It's as if they are CONNECTED, body and mind, and always have been -- and then

(CONTINUED)

RUCKA FIRES a shot that GRAZES Trevor's arm.

STEVE TREVOR (CONT'D)
(gasps in pain)
Ahhh!

Trevor CLUTCHES his bleeding arm, but keeps FIRING despite the pain -- as

DIANA, INFURIATED that he hurt Steve, goes for RUCKA -- she LEAPS into a pivoting two-kick, first foot KNOCKING the gun from his hand as the second kick CRACKS across his jaw.

She lands on her feet like a cat, without looking throws one arm up to CATCH the flying gun as it comes back down.

She fixes Rucka with a look of focused, deadly FURY --

DIANA
I warned you.

She holds the gun up and CRACKS it in half with one hand, CRUMPLING it like a child's toy and TOSSING it aside as she GOES AFTER Rucka.

Diana's RAGE (the Ares side of her) has taken over, making her BLIND to everything around her for a few crucial seconds --

-- just long enough for TWO COMMANDOS to DIVE on Trevor from the side, DISARMING him and KNOCKING HIM OUT.

DIANA WHIRLS a second too late -- Rucka KNOCKS her back --

RUCKA
Fall back!

THE COMMANDOS AND RUCKA SCRAMBLE with Trevor's unconscious body to the window, firing a MASSIVE BARRAGE at Diana --

DIANA DEFLECTS the bullets, bracelets SPARKING, but she's PINNED DOWN by the gunfire, she can't get to them as

THE COMMANDOS CLIP onto their lines and LEAP from the window, cables WHIRRING up to WHIP them UPWARDS, out of sight -- carrying Trevor with them.

DIANA RACES to the window, grabs the sill and SWINGS OUT --

EXT. HOSPITAL BUILDING -- NIGHT

-- planting her boots on the sill, holding onto the top of the windowframe with one hand as she LEANS out over the street far below, eyes fixed on the ROOF.

With her free hand, she CRACKS the lasso up onto the roof --

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOF -- NIGHT

-- where the golden lasso WHIPS around a fire escape ladder, COILING tight and HOLDING FAST.

WIDEN TO REVEAL A BLACK STEALTH HELICOPTER perched on the roof like a giant black insect, blades WHIRRING whisper-quiet.

THE COMMANDOS are SWINGING over the roof-edge, Trevor thrown over their shoulders. COMMANDO #4 pauses, looks down over the roof's edge --

-- to see DIANA scaling the lasso with shocking speed. He FIRES BLAM!BLAM!BLAM! straight down at Diana -- she just BLOCKS the bullets with one arm, CLIMBING fast with the other.

COMMANDO #4
(in disbelief)
Jesus --
(turns to the 'copter)
She's coming after us!

RUCKA
Cut her down!

Commando #4 whips out a killing knife, SLICES the lasso -- but the razor-sharp blade doesn't even NICK the rope, just SLIDES off the gleaming gold.

Desperately, he FIRES at the rope -- CHUNKS of cement go flying, but the lasso remains UNTOUCHED --

-- and before he can try anything else, Diana VAULTS over the roof's edge, head-butts him hard and FLINGS him against the side of the roof.

She FLICKS the lasso free as she LEAPS after the other Commandos, DEFLECTING bullets in the air as she SAILS over their heads in a whirling somersault --

-- and landing THUNK! on both feet, STRADDLING Trevor's unconscious body, EXPLODING in a flurry of KICKS and BLOWS that send the Commandos FLYING in all directions.

IN THE SKY, STORMCLOUDS are ROLLING over the night sky with unnatural SPEED -- the WIND starts RISING, distant LIGHTNING cracks across the sky.

DIANA crouches over Trevor with the fierceness of a lioness protecting her cub --

DIANA
(a feral smile)
Who's next?

The wind WHIPS her hair back, she's wild and terrible and beautiful all at once -- and suddenly

(CONTINUED)

AN IRON SPEAR impales Diana through the shoulder from behind.

Diana looks down at her shoulder in DISBELIEF --

-- as she is KICKED forward, the spear WRENCHED out of her from behind as she SPRAWLS across the roof, revealing

ARES behind her, rising up from the helicopter -- FLYING.

His body is POISED with powerful ease on the buffeting winds; he wears black combat gear, like his men, but over it THE HOODED BLACK CAPE we saw him in before.

The cape BILLOWS like a cloud behind him, the wolf insignia GLOWING dark red.

ARES

(answering her question)

I am.

DIANA ROLLS to her knees, CRADLING her injured arm, GASPING with pain -- as

ARES touches down on the rooftop. The Commandos immediately DROP to one knee, faces to the ground -- the attitude of WORSHIPPERS.

ARES (CONT'D)

Well, well, look at this. It's Breastplate Barbie.

Ares CIRCLES Diana, swinging the iron spear impatiently.

ARES (CONT'D)

I really don't have time for this.
The schedule is tight as it is.

Panting, Diana looks up at him -- thunder CRASHES in the sky.

DIANA

You... the spear of iron that cannot
be broken...

Ares glances down at the bloodied spear in his hand, the same he carried in the opening, hand-worked grey-black metal at once ancient and clearly LETHAL.

ARES

Not very impressive for a signature weapon, I always thought. Apollo had silver arrows, Poseidon had a trident, and Zeus -- I mean, thunderbolts, now there's something people remember --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ARES (CONT'D)

(conversationally)

Of course now the old geezer can't even raise a spark if he rubs his hands together standing on a polyester carpet.

Her hand pressed hard against the wound to stanch the blood, Diana grits her teeth and lurches unsteadily to her feet --

DIANA

(it's not a question)

Ares. The god of war.

Ares ignores her words, just keeps circling, thoughtfully.

ARES

So Artemis sent one of her little warrior wenches back with Trevor. Funny, I thought I knew all their faces -- but I don't know yours.

He looks at her, eyes curious, piercing.

ARES (CONT'D)

Yet... there's something familiar about you...

With one finger, he touches DIANA'S BLOOD on the tip of his spear -- and in a way that's both SENSUAL and DISTURBING, he touches his finger to his tongue, TASTING her blood.

Ares' eyes WIDEN in sudden surprise --

ARES (CONT'D)

My, my...

(curiously)

Tell me something, girl -- do you even know who you are?

DIANA

I'm Diana. Princess of Themyscira.

(answering his question)

Daughter of a queen -- and a god.

ARES

Come to join the family business, have you, Diana of Themyscira?

Diana is STARING at him, fascinated in spite of herself -- after all, she's getting her first look at her FATHER.

DIANA

They say... that you are a monster. Sower of strife, bringer of chaos, he who wades through blood --

(CONTINUED)

ARES
Is that a yes?

DIANA
(flatly)
I've come to stop you.

Ares regards her -- then without warning, BACKHANDS her savagely across the face. Diana lands FACE-DOWN on the gravel rooftop, sprawled over Trevor.

ARES
I see your mother never bothered to
teach you any manners.

As Diana pulls herself up on her hands and knees, she sees TREVOR'S EYES opening -- he's COMING AROUND.

TREVOR FREEZES at the sight of Diana -- communicating in the only way she can, with her EYES, she GLANCES toward one of the COMMANDOS a foot away, still BOWED DOWN before Ares.

The meaning of her look to Trevor is CLEAR -- "Get ready."

Trevor quickly closes his eyes, playing possum before Ares notices he's conscious -- as

ARES DRAGS Diana up by the back of her neck, PULLING her roughly up to face him.

ARES (CONT'D)
Weak, foolish --
(scornfully)
-- and a girl. You are not worthy
to be a child of mine.

He KICKS her back down, to land in a HEAP next to Trevor. Ares looks down at her, unimpressed.

ARES (CONT'D)
(derisively)
Worshipper of a forgotten god, from
a backwater island in the middle of
nowhere --
(shakes his head)
You shouldn't have come here, Amazon.

TREVOR, eyes slitted, spots a GUN in the thigh holster of the nearest Commando. He TENSES, getting ready --

ARES (CONT'D)
All the ancient gods have faded into
shadows, grown weak and powerless --
except for me.

Ares gestures grandly at the city laid out below them, sparkling lights stretching to the horizon.

(CONTINUED)

ARES (CONT'D)

This is my world now.

Diana raises her head defiantly, cut lip trickling blood --

DIANA

And what will you do with it?

Ares puts the tip of his spear at Diana's throat, LIFTING her jaw with the sharp iron edge.

ARES

What I have always done: unleash my
wolves of war and let them tear
mankind to shreds.

Diana acts like she's listening -- but she's REACHING stealthily behind her for the lasso, lying on the ground --

ARES (CONT'D)

I will see the world at war... for
all eternity.

Diana looks up at him, eyes FLASHING with the same FURY we saw in the hospital room.

DIANA

One thing my mother did teach me --

ON DIANA'S HAND, groping blindly for the lasso -- and FINDING IT.

DIANA (CONT'D)

-- only god-created weapons can pierce
flesh such as yours.

-- and Diana CRACKS the lasso up like a WHIP. It SNAPS like lightning ACROSS ARES' FACE, the golden strand GASHING his forehead open.

ARES

(in pain)

Augggh!

Ares STUMBLES back, spear CLATTERING to the ground --

TREVOR SWIPES the gun from the Commando's holster, rolls and COMES UP FIRING, sending the Commandos DIVING for cover, as

DIANA springs to her feet, KICKING Ares back with all her force -- and Ares goes FLYING

INTO THE BLADES OF THE HELICOPTER

which SHRIEK and GROAN as they slam INTO Ares, SPLINTERING against his superhuman body.

(CONTINUED)

THE COMMANDOS RUSH to the helicopter to help their master,
as

DIANA hops onto the roof ledge, CRACKING the lasso out across
the rooftops --

ON THE LASSO'S END as it WHIPS around a scaffolding pipe on
a nearby building.

DIANA GRABS Trevor around the waist, JERKS him up onto the
ledge with her --

DIANA

Hold on.

STEVE TREVOR

(realizing)

Oh, no way --

And Diana JUMPS from the roof, lasso wound around one arm,
the other holding Trevor TIGHT against her side --

-- and they they SAIL out into the darkness.

EXT. NEARBY BUILDING ROOF -- NIGHT

DIANA AND STEVE land hard on the next roof, ROLLING to come
to a halt with Diana lying ON TOP of Steve.

DIANA

Are you all right?

They lie face to face on the ground -- Trevor looks at her
face searchingly, almost DISBELIEVING --

STEVE TREVOR

I thought -- I was so sure you were
a dream...

He reaches up a tentative hand, as if to touch her face --
and Diana CATCHES his hand, sees the BLOOD from his arm wound.

DIANA

You're bleeding.

STEVE TREVOR

(touches her shoulder)

So are you.

The ELECTRICITY between them is almost VISIBLE, their hands
still TOUCHING, not moving closer but not pulling away --

-- and a bullet EXPLODES a chunk of masonry next to them,
pretty much killing the mood.

They look up, see COMMANDOS firing from the hospital roof.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE TREVOR (CONT'D)
What the hell do they want?

DIANA
You.

Diana rises quickly, all business, PULLS him to his feet.

DIANA (CONT'D)
I think we should go.

She FLICKS the lasso, which unknots instantly and SPRINGS to her hand like a live thing.

STEVE TREVOR
I vote we take the stairs.

Diana nods, KICKS in the roof access door, and they RACE down the stairs.

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOF -- NIGHT

ARES disentangles himself from the WRECKAGE of the helicopter, PUSHING away Rucka and the Commandos trying to help him.

Incredibly, the shattered blades have left him totally unharmed -- the ONLY MARK on him is the GASH from temple to jaw, from DIANA'S LASSO.

ARES
Where are they?
(furious, to Rucka)
Where are they?

RUCKA
They escaped, my lord --

And that's all he gets out before Ares WHIPS around, spear FLYING from his hand -- and IMPALING Rucka where he stands.

ARES
I'm afraid your promotion isn't working out, Rucka. I'm going to have to let you go.

Rucka DROPS to his knees, CHOKES once, then COLLAPSES, DEAD. Ares strides to Rucka's body, jerks the spear free, looks to the Commandos.

ARES (CONT'D)
I can see this is going to be more complicated than I anticipated.

Suddenly, unexpectedly, he GRINS.

(CONTINUED)

ARES (CONT'D)
And a great deal more fun.

CUT TO:

INT. DOC'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

The apartment of the the FEMALE PILOT on Trevor's team, DOC.
Doc is PACING by her couch, talking on the phone as she watches the NEWS flickering on tv.

DOC
(into the phone)
I know -- it doesn't make any sense --
how the hell should I know? He looked
fine when we left.

ON THE TV, we see what she's watching -- hand-held footage of TREVOR'S HOSPITAL ROOM, reduced to wreckage by the gunfight.

NEWSCASTER
(onscreen)
-- searching for Captain Steve Trevor,
in the wake of tonight's bizarre
attack at St. Mary's hospital.
Hospital staff reported gunfire, and
two Marines were found dead on the
scene.

QUICK SHOTS of TWO BODYBAGS being rolled out of the room.

DOC
(into phone)
Jesus. What do you think is going
on?

O.S. a KNOCK at the door behind her --

DOC (CONT'D)
(yells over her
shoulder)
It's open!
(into phone)
Tex and Preacher just got here, come
over if you want --

Suddenly realizing that something feels wrong, Doc turns around to see

DIANA AND STEVE standing in the doorway, covered in plaster dust and dirt, both bloodied.

(CONTINUED)

DOC (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Yeah, you should definitely come
over. Now.

She HANGS UP, hurries over to Trevor.

DOC (CONT'D)
You ok, Cap? We were -- I mean, we
thought --
(catches sight of his
arm)
God, what happened? Let me get a
towel for that --

Doc leans over the kitchen counter, opens a drawer --

STEVE TREVOR
It's fine, I don't need --

-- and Doc comes up with a GUN, pointed levelly at DIANA'S
FOREHEAD.

DOC
Step away from him, right now.

Diana doesn't move, her body TENSING, one hand drifting down
toward the LASSO at her belt.

STEVE TREVOR
Doc, what the hell are you doing?

DOC
(to Trevor)
It's all right, Cap, I got you
covered.

STEVE TREVOR
(exasperated)
From what?

Doc NODS tersely toward the tv, not taking her eyes off Diana.

ON THE TV, GRAINY FOOTAGE OF DIANA comes up, showing her
coming down the hospital corridor in the stolen coat --

NEWSCASTER
*An APB has gone out on this woman,
seen here on hospital security cameras --
police warn she is armed and extremely
violent.*

STEVE TREVOR
(has to admit)
Well, there's some truth to that --

(CONTINUED)

NEWSCASTER

*Police speculate she may have killed
the Marines and taken Trevor hostage --*

STEVE TREVOR

Put down the gun, Doc.

DOC

But -- those marines --

STEVE TREVOR

I was there. She didn't kill anyone.

Diana gives Doc a glaring look.

DIANA

At least not yet.

Doc BRISTLES, starts to snap back -- Trevor steps between them, gently PUSHES the gun to point to the floor.

STEVE TREVOR

Diana, this is Doc. Doc, Diana.

(to Doc)

All we need is a place to stay for a couple of hours while I try to figure this thing out.

NEWSCASTER

*The woman matches a description of a
prostitute who masterminded a
jailbreak at County Central earlier
this evening --*

Trevor double-takes to Diana --

STEVE TREVOR

You did what?

DIANA

(defensively)

Smoky said they were legitimate women of commerce, being held against their will.

(confused)

What's a prostitute?

DOC

(overlapping)

"Smoky?"

O.S. another KNOCK at the door -- TEX AND PREACHER come in, see Trevor --

TEX

Cap! You're all right!

(CONTINUED)

-- belatedly register Diana in her leather and armor, and Doc holding the gun.

TEX (CONT'D)

Um... is this a bad time?

INT. DOC'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- MORNING

Doc brings in a pot of coffee and a jumble of cups into the living room, as the Pilots sit with Trevor and Diana.

TEX

You're an actual Amazon? From a whole island of Amazons?

DIANA

I am.

Meanwhile, Trevor is talking on the phone --

STEVE TREVOR

(into phone)

No, Vanessa, I -- I just wanted you to know I'm all right. No, don't come over, I'm not at my apartment.

He glances at Diana -- she takes a cup of coffee from Doc, sniffing it over uncertainly.

STEVE TREVOR (CONT'D)

(still into the phone)

It's -- complicated. Just don't worry. I'll talk to you tomorrow.

(beat)

Ok. Bye.

Trevor hangs up, turns back to the group. Tex is clearly still fixating on the idea of an island of half-naked women.

TEX

(to Trevor)

And this island -- you were marooned there?

STEVE TREVOR

(preoccupied)

Yeah.

(realizes what Tex is getting at)

It wasn't as much fun as it sounds like.

DIANA

(to Trevor, carefully)

Vanessa... is the woman from the hospital?

(CONTINUED)

STEVE TREVOR

Um -- yes.

Diana tries to cover the confusing welter of feelings rising in her by taking a sip of coffee -- and promptly CHOKES.

DIANA

This is terrible. You drink this on purpose?

TEX

Only when Starbuck's is closed.
Doc's coffee sucks.

DOC

(almost automatically)
Shut up, Tex.

PAPA BEAR

Cap, everybody's looking for you --
the police, the military. You've
got to go in --

STEVE TREVOR

Not until I figure out what I'm going
to say when I do.

DIANA

But -- why not just say what happened?

STEVE TREVOR

What, that a homicidal pre-Christian
god bent on world destruction wants
to kidnap me so I can take him to a
hidden island of immortal women?

(ironic)

That should go over well.

PREACHER

He's right. No one will believe it.

Diana stands, still struggling with the confusion of her
feelings about Trevor having a girlfriend.

DIANA

I don't see why you can't just tell
people the truth and let them decide
for themselves.

(quietly)

But it seems that's not how things
work in this world.

Diana walks out onto the balcony. Trevor starts after her --

DOC

Let me talk to her.

EXT. DOC'S APARTMENT -- BALCONY -- NIGHT

Doc follows Diana out onto the balcony, says nothing -- then reaches into her pocket, brings out a CANDY BAR.

DOC

Here, try this.

(as Diana hesitates)

I promise you'll like it more than coffee. Especially right now.

Diana unwraps the foil, takes a bite --

DIANA

(amazed)

This is wonderful. What is it?

DOC

Chocolate.

(as Diana takes another bite)

Trust me -- if you're going to stay in this world, you're going to need it.

INT. DOC'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Trevor watches Diana and Doc through the windows to the balcony, as he continues talking to Papa Bear.

STEVE TREVOR

I've got to figure out a way to keep her low-profile.

(watching Diana)

Let's say I did tell the truth -- what would happen to her?

Trevor turns back to Papa Bear.

STEVE TREVOR (CONT'D)

She's accused of killing two American soldiers. And the minute she opens her mouth they're going to lock her in the padded cell right next to mine. And worse, if they ever figure out what she can do -- they might never let her out.

PAPA BEAR

(worried)

But Cap, she's right, you can't lie -- I mean, they could courtmartial you. We're talking the end of your career, military prison --

(CONTINUED)

STEVE TREVOR
(cutting him off)
She gave up everything she knew for
me... She's saved my life. Twice.

He stands up, starts for the balcony.

STEVE TREVOR (CONT'D)
She's worth whatever price I have to
pay.

EXT. DOC'S APARTMENT -- BALCONY -- NIGHT

Trevor comes out onto the balcony; Doc gives him a not very
subtle glare but moves inside, out of earshot.

DIANA
I say that I don't understand lies.
(bitter humor)
But I ought to -- my mother lied to
me about my father all my life.

STEVE TREVOR
Diana, I didn't mean to lie to you --
at first, on the island, I thought
none of it was real. And then there
just wasn't time... But listen, if
you want to know about me and Vanessa,
I'll tell you --

DIANA
(interrupting)
No, don't. I have no right to ask
you about that. Your life belongs
to you.
(looks down)
I came here to learn, and to protect
Themyscira. Nothing else matters.

STEVE TREVOR
There wasn't -- any other reason?
For coming here?

Diana doesn't meet his eyes.

DIANA
How could there be?

Avoiding his eyes, her gaze fixes on his wounded arm -- she
reaches out to touch it, then stops herself.

DIANA (CONT'D)
How is your arm?

Trevor gestures at her bandaged shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE TREVOR

Better than yours, I think --

He STOPS SHORT as Diana pulls away the gauze pad -- revealing CLEAN SKIN beneath, not even the trace of a scar.

STEVE TREVOR (CONT'D)

(surprised)

How --

(touches her shoulder,
amazed)

But I saw it, the spear went clean
through your shoulder --

DIANA

(somerly agreeing)

It should have taken weeks to heal.

Flexing her shoulder, Diana looks less than thrilled.

DIANA (CONT'D)

My mother told me I would -- change --
in this world. Develop abilities I
never had on Themyscira. No doubt
this is another gift of my father's
bloodline -- the healing powers of a
god. Or close enough.

Seeing how troubled she looks, Trevor tries to cheer her up,
half-joking as he asks:

STEVE TREVOR

Any other, you know, semi-divine
superpowers I should know about?

DIANA

(not joking back)

It would seem I have inherited
abilities much like those my father
possesses. He is a martial god, his
powers are those of war: strength,
speed, skill at arms --

(pausing)

-- and wrath.

She puts her hands on the heavy wrought iron balcony railing,
looks down over the bustling morning in the city. There is
something almost ASHAMED in her expression.

DIANA (CONT'D)

(low)

When he struck me... when he stood
over me, and said this world was his
for the taking...

Her face and voice stay EVEN -- but her knuckles WHITEN on
the railing as she speaks.

(CONTINUED)

DIANA (CONT'D)

... I felt such fury in me, like my blood was on fire.

She looks up at Trevor with searing, painful honesty.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Standing on that roof, all I wanted to do --

(voice catches)

-- was kill him.

And with a CRACK! the iron railing suddenly BREAKS beneath her GRIP, metal SHEARING apart from the FORCE of her hands.

Diana STARTS -- the broken pice of railing CLANGS to the floor. Diana steps back from the balcony's edge, looking down at her hands as if they aren't hers.

STEVE TREVOR

(concerned)

Diana --

DIANA

You don't understand. Amazons do not kill out of anger, or vengeance -- it is contrary to everything I have learned all my life, everything I am --
(miserably)
Or thought I was.

STEVE TREVOR

Look, he was trying to kill you --

DIANA

Meaning what? That my mother was right? That I am just like him?

STEVE TREVOR

(emphatically)

No.

(frustrated)

I may not understand gods or divine powers or ancient mythical weapons, but one thing I do know -- we make our own destiny, every one of us.

He takes her by the shoulders, turns her to face him.

STEVE TREVOR (CONT'D)

You decide who you are. Not your father, or these crazy new powers, or anything else.

(looking in her eyes)

You.

(CONTINUED)

The intensity of the moment between them BUILDS as Trevor holds on to her just an instant too long. Her eyes search his, looking for something neither of them can put into words.

PAPA BEAR (O.S.)

Hey, Cap --

Trevor and Diana START guiltily, looking back to see Papa Bear standing in the doorway.

PAPA BEAR (CONT'D)

-- you'd better come look at this.

INT. DOC'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

ON THE TV, GRAINY VIDEO FOOTAGE is playing on CNN -- showing DIANA ON THE HOSPITAL ROOF, deflecting bullets with her bracelets, grabbing Trevor up, and SWINGING from the building.

NEWSCASTER

(on tv, filtered)

-- amateur video caught her on tape.
Authorities are refusing to comment --

PREACHER

Definitely not good for the low-profile idea.

DIANA

People will remember this?

DOC

Deflecting bullets with your bare hands? Yeah. It draws attention.

STEVE TREVOR

You're going to have to keep out of sight for a while.

DIANA

(worried)

But -- I have to stay with you. No one else can protect you --

STEVE TREVOR

How in the world do you think we're going to manage that?

Doc is studying the video as the newcast reruns it -- it's shot from so far away that Diana's face is fuzzy, indistinct.

DOC

I know a way.

CUT TO:

EXT. LANGLEY AIR FORCE BASE -- DAY

Langley AFB, a sprawling military city in the heart of Virginia greenery. Jet fighters are lined in neat rows on tarmac, backing hangars and low office buildings.

STEVE TREVOR (V.O.)

(prelap)

The guys who went after me in the hospital were hardcore pros.

INT. TREVOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

Trevor in his office with the Admiral and several other NAVY OFFICERS, being DEBRIEFED.

STEVE TREVOR

They spoke English, without any accent I could hear. When they retreated, they didn't just take their wounded -- they took their dead.

Navy Officer 1 picks up a PAD on the table in front of him -- a rough drawing of the WOLF'S HEAD from the Commando uniforms.

NAVY OFFICER 2

Intelligence has run the image against all known flags, national symbols, terrorist emblems... nothing.

In the background the office door opens -- we STAY ON the Officers and Steve, as the SECRETARY enters quietly in the B.G., putting coffee in front of the Officers --

NAVY OFFICER 2 (CONT'D)

Looks like we're dealing with something new.

-- and we pan up to see DIANA, in a bizarrely incongruous flowery pink dress, hair pulled back in a bun, face behind owlsh glasses.

Steve tries to keep from glancing up at her as she passes out the coffee, WOBBLING a little in high heels.

ADMIRAL JIMINEZ

Speaking of something new --

Admiral Jiminez pulls out a NEWSPAPER -- the front page has a picture of DIANA LEAPING off the roof holding Trevor.

ADMIRAL JIMINEZ (CONT'D)

-- let's not forget Jane of the Jungle here. Any chance she was working with the commandos?

(CONTINUED)

STEVE TREVOR
With respect, sir -- no way.

NAVY OFFICER 2
And you don't know where she is now?

Trevor avoids the question while seeming to answer it.

STEVE TREVOR
She dropped me on the street and
just took off.

ADMIRAL JIMINEZ
Papers are calling her all sorts of
crazy things -- "Gladiator Girl",
"Miss Amazing" --

Diana can't help it -- she looks over his shoulder with
interest, studying the picture.

DIANA
(frowning)
That's a terrible picture --

STEVE TREVOR
(quickly)
Thank you, Miss Prince. That's all.

Diana catches herself, quickly goes out the door.

STEVE TREVOR (CONT'D)
Sorry. She's a temp.

Meanwhile, Navy Officer 1 has sipped his coffee -- and
GRIMACES at the taste.

NAVY OFFICER 1
Yeah, well, I sure hope she can type.
I could lubricate my Cessna with
this stuff.

INT. STEVE TREVOR'S OFFICE -- FOYER -- DAY

DOC is waiting in the foyer as Diana comes out.

DOC
How did it go?

DIANA
You were right. They barely even
noticed I was there.

DOC
Congratulations. You're officially
an administrative assistant.

(CONTINUED)

Diana TOTTERS unsteadily in Doc's borrowed heels to get to the desk --

DIANA
Are these shoes some form of
punishment?

DOC
Depends on who you talk to, babe.

Diana sits at the desk gingerly, looks at the clutter, the multi-line phone, the computer -- she's completely MYSTIFIED.

DOC (CONT'D)
(businesslike)
So how fast can you learn?

DIANA
Fast.

DOC
Good. This is a computer --
As Doc starts explaining to Diana, we --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STEVE TREVOR'S OFFICE -- FOYER -- DAY

Doc has left. Diana sits at the desk, focusing on the computer, clicking through window after window with fierce concentration, as if she's SEARCHING for something --

VANESSA (O.S.)
Excuse me --

Diana looks up -- to see VANESSA standing in the doorway.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
-- is Captain Trevor in?

Diana is so STARTLED she barely manages to reply:

DIANA
He's -- there are other men --
officers --

But before she can go on, the door behind her opens, ADMIRAL JIMINEZ and the OFFICERS come out with Steve.

ADMIRAL JIMINEZ
Nothing to the press, Trevor.

STEVE TREVOR
No problem, sir.

(CONTINUED)

The Officers exit, Trevor starts to turn to Diana -- then stops short at the sight of Vanessa.

STEVE TREVOR (CONT'D)

Vanessa -- I wasn't expecting you --

VANESSA

Can we, um --

She gestures to the inner office. With a quick, helpless glance at Diana, Trevor opens the door and takes her in. The door closes with a solid CLICK behind them.

INT. STEVE TREVOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

Vanessa turns to Steve with a playful smile -- and throws her arms around him.

VANESSA

(teasing)

We've been going out two years and suddenly you can't return a phone call?

STEVE TREVOR

I know. I'm sorry --

VANESSA

(more serious)

I'm scared to death -- people are trying to kill you, you're all over the news --

(hugging tighter)

I just don't want to lose you...

Over her shoulder, Trevor's face is deeply CONFLICTED --

STEVE TREVOR

(helplessly)

I know.

INT. STEVE TREVOR'S OFFICE -- FOYER -- DAY

Sitting at the computer, Diana disconsolately unwraps a chocolate kiss -- as Vanessa and Steve emerge from the office, Vanessa chatting and cheerful, Steve a little more reserved.

VANESSA

-- get dinner tonight if you want.

STEVE TREVOR

I can't -- I've got too much paperwork to finish.

(CONTINUED)

VANESSA

(a grin)

Don't put me off too long, sailor.
You don't want me to get bored.

Vanessa leans up to give him a quick kiss. Diana looks like she wants to SINK into the floor, watching while trying to pretend she's not --

-- as Trevor turns his head just a fraction of an inch, so Vanessa's lips brush his cheek instead.

STEVE TREVOR

(quickly)

I'll see you later.

Vanessa hugs him, turns to go -- and notices Diana's HEELS tossed carelessly into a corner, she's now wearing her AMAZON BOOTS of deep red leather.

VANESSA

(to Diana)

Cool boots.

DIANA

Thank you.

Vanessa exits. An awkward SILENCE between Steve and Diana --

STEVE TREVOR

It's -- um -- awfully quiet in here.

DIANA

Doc showed me how to use the hold button.

Steve notices the PHONE on her desk is LIT UP like a Christmas tree, every line BLINKING MADLY -- all on HOLD.

DIANA (CONT'D)

I needed the quiet -- I was doing some research on the internet and your systems here. And I think I found something.

She CLICKS the mouse rapidly, opening and closing windows --

STEVE TREVOR

You learned how to surf the net?
And access the onbase mainframe?

DIANA

Only things that aren't classified.
(doesn't see the big deal)
I was stuck at that desk for hours.

(CONTINUED)

Diana pulls up a slick, corporate WEBSITE PAGE.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Your Navy officers said they are looking for something new -- but they're wrong.

(clicks open a window)

They should be looking for something very, very old.

She's pulled up a PHOTOGRAPH of a smiling man in a business suit, in the COMPANY BIOS section. Trevor leans forward, amazed, recognizing the face from the hospital roof -- ARES.

STEVE TREVOR

Who -- ?

DIANA

He calls himself Ares Buchanan. He owns a corporation called Buchanan Industries.

STEVE TREVOR

(surprised)

But -- half the army's arsenal was designed by that company. They're the largest industrial manufacturer of weapons in the world --

DIANA

(nodding)

He is a dealer in weapons of death. Of course.

(morosely)

It seems my father has not gone quite as far out of the building as you thought.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK -- DAY

A park on base, near Trevor's office. Kids play, ducks bob in a small lake. STEVE AND DIANA are finishing sandwiches by the lakeside.

Trevor SKIPS A STONE on the lake almost SAVAGELY, clearly frustrated.

STEVE TREVOR

We know who he is. We know what he wants. And no one we tell is going to believe a word of it.

Diana watches with interest as the stone HOPS over the water.

(CONTINUED)

DIANA

Can you show me how to do that?

STEVE TREVOR

(surprised)

Sure, if you want. First, you have to pick a good one --

(finds a stone)

Like this, smooth and flat -- then, you just throw.

He FLICKS the stone -- it SKIPS across the water, light as a skimming bird. Diana picks up a stone, tries it -- and the stone sinks PLOP into the water.

STEVE TREVOR (CONT'D)

It's all in the wrist. You want to flick it, so it's spinning when it hits the water.

He puts his hand over hers, showing her how to cock her wrist --

STEVE TREVOR (CONT'D)

Turn your arm to the side --

-- they are both suddenly aware of the fact that they are TOUCHING. His fingers brushing her skin, holding her arm -- the contact is almost visibly ELECTRIC between them.

STEVE TREVOR (CONT'D)

(swallowing)

Just twist your wrist like this -- and then -- flick. It may take a little while to get the hang of it --

Diana FLICKS her wrist, sends another stone FLYING -- and it SKIPS beautifully, HOPPING over the water six, seven, eight, NINE times before it DROPS below the surface.

STEVE TREVOR (CONT'D)

(impressed)

Ok, is there anything you're not good at?

DIANA

I don't know.

(with simple honesty)

I haven't tried everything yet.

She turns back to him, more seriously.

DIANA (CONT'D)

It doesn't matter who we can tell and who we can't. I must stop Ares myself. Before he can destroy both your world and mine.

(CONTINUED)

She starts walking out of the park, Steve catches up.

STEVE TREVOR
That's your plan? Go up against him
alone? What are you, the "chosen
one"?

DIANA
No. I'm the only one.

Trevor stops her, grabbing her arm.

STEVE TREVOR
Diana --
(trying to find words)
You don't have to be.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR -- NIGHT

A noisy, raucous bar, Saturday night in full swing.

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

A bar that's clearly a PILOT HANGOUT. Pool balls CRACK, beer flows, rock music plays, the bar is CROWDED right to the edges. AT THE POOL TABLES, a group of ROWDY BIKERS look noticeably out of place, a little too hard-core, and getting more LOUDLY DRUNK by the minute.

DIANA AND STEVE sit with THE PILOTS at a smoky corner table.

TEX
(in disbelief)
You want to what was that again?

DIANA
We must defeat the god of war.

The Pilots look at each other, then back to Diana and Steve --

DOC
Cool. I'm in. Do we have a plan?

PAPA BEAR
(sotto)
Let me guess...

STEVE TREVOR
(admitting)
Not, you know, as such --

PAPA BEAR
(waves to the waitress)
Can we get a pitcher over here?

(CONTINUED)

PREACHER

Wait, I'm a little lost -- the god of war is a billionaire with weapons coming out his hindquarters. Yes?

Diana thinks for a moment, trying to translate that.

DIANA

More or less.

PREACHER

So what's he need the Cap for? What's on that island that's bigger than what he's already got?

DIANA

Normal weapons are of little use to him. It's wars he needs.

STEVE TREVOR

I've lost you.

DIANA

The ancient gods draw their strength from the godstream -- the more worshippers a god has, the more they can dip into the godstream, and the more powerful they become.

(beat)

In a world of endless war, Ares' power would be -- almost limitless.

PAPA BEAR

(with dread)

Endless war? You really think he could do that?

DIANA

If he succeeds in opening Doom's Doorway --

STEVE TREVOR

Ok, enough about the Door of Destruction. What the hell is behind that thing?

DIANA

(faltering)

I told you -- it's a sacred trust, we're not supposed to speak of --

STEVE TREVOR

We're talking about laying our lives on the line to stop this guy, Diana. To be the army you don't have. Would Amazons keep secrets from each other?

(CONTINUED)

TEX

Hold on -- are we the Amazons in
this scenario? 'Cause I'm not --

DOC

Tex. Shut up.

Diana looks at the faces of the Pilots, watching her -- then
takes a deep breath.

DIANA

Thousands of years ago, Ares created
a different kind of weapon, part
machine and part ancient magic -- a
vessel that drew in the spirits of
his bloodiest acolytes after death.
A sort of -- soulcatcher.

(beat)

Once held in the soulcatcher, spirits
can leap to a new body. Ares'
acolytes, who slaughtered and raped
in his name -- with the soulcatcher,
he could give them eternal life.

DOC

So you serve Ares, you die, your
soul goes in a box -- and then he
gives you someone else's body?

DIANA

Imagine the bloodiest butcher of
your world, able to live over and
over again.

(beat)

Then imagine an army of such men.

Diana looks at Trevor with simple, unshakable conviction.

DIANA (CONT'D)

If Ares breaches Doom's Doorway,
that is what he will have.

Off the Pilot's worried faces -- suddenly Doc turns to Diana.

DOC

(pushes a glass toward
Diana)

Here, have some.

DIANA

(confused)

What? Why?

Diana is looking at the door -- where VANESSA has just
entered.

(CONTINUED)

DOC

Trust me. Just take the drink.

Steve looks up hastily as Vanessa comes to the table. The Pilots all MURMUR greetings as Vanessa turns to Steve.

VANESSA

I dropped by to bring you dinner at home -- but you weren't there.

There's an edge to her voice as she glances at Diana, as if noticing her for the first time.

STEVE TREVOR

Oh -- Vanessa, this is Diana, um, Prince. She's new at the office.

Vanessa looks at Diana thoughtfully.

VANESSA

I remember the dress. And the boots.

Diana glances down self-consciously at the flowery pink dress Doc lent her.

STEVE TREVOR

Let's go outside for a minute, all right?

Steve steers Vanessa past the pool tables toward the back doors, which lead out onto an open-air PORCH AREA.

PREACHER

Ok, was that as awkward as I think it was?

PAPA BEAR

I'd have to say yes.

Diana is trying not to stare after Steve and Vanessa, but failing miserably.

DOC

(taking pity on Diana)

Come on. I'll show you how to play pool.

Diana and Doc head for the pool tables -- which are right in front of the windows that look out on the PORCH AREA.

DOC (CONT'D)

Want something from the bar?

DIANA

Do they have chocolate?

EXT. BAR COURTYARD -- NIGHT

Vanessa and Steve in the courtyard behind the bar, in the weak light of strings of Christmas lights strung over the fence around them.

VANESSA

Steve, what is all this about? You're not acting like yourself -- you say you don't have time for dinner, then I find you here --

STEVE TREVOR

Vanessa --

VANESSA

-- hanging out drinking with the guys and a secretary dressed like Minnie Pearl --

STEVE TREVOR

Vanessa --

VANESSA

I mean, what is going on?

Trevor takes both her hands in his, trying to figure out what to say.

STEVE TREVOR

Remember what I said about it being complicated?

CUT TO:

INT. BAR -- CONTINUOUS

DIANA holds the pool cue in her hand, her eyes unavoidably drawn to the WINDOWS on the back wall --

POV DIANA LOOKING THROUGH THE WINDOW to see Trevor take Vanessa's hands -- and Vanessa put her arms AROUND HIS NECK.

Almost unconsciously, Diana takes a step toward the window, unable to bring herself to look away -- M.O.S., it looks like a ROMANTIC MOMENT between Steve and Vanessa.

Watching, Diana TIGHTENS her hand on the pool cue -- and we hear it CRACK beneath her fingers --

-- but meanwhile, the DRUNKEN BIKERS are taking an interest in her, looking her over.

BIKER GUY 1

Hey, sweet thing, you want to "play"?

(CONTINUED)

DIANA
(not even looking)
Go away.

In the ridiculous flowery dress, Diana looks anything but threatening. The Biker Guys saunter up behind her.

DRUNK BIKER 1
Now that's no way for a lady to talk.

AT THE BAR, DOC has her back to the pool tables as she gets a couple of beers. The bar is so noisy she doesn't hear what's happening behind her as

AT THE POOL TABLE, DIANA continues looking out the window.

DIANA
I am not a lady.

DRUNK BIKER 1
(an ugly leer)
That's just what I was thinkin'.

EXT. BAR COURTYARD -- CONTINUOUS

Oblivious to what's going on through the window, Vanessa has her arms around Steve's neck, looking up into his eyes.

VANESSA
Whatever it is, you know you can
tell me.

And before he can pull away, she leans up and KISSES HIM passionately.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR -- CONTINUOUS

DIANA watches the kiss, face STONY with pain -- as DRUNK BIKER CLAMPS a hand on her shoulder, WHIRLING her around.

DRUNK BIKER 1
I'm talkin' to you, honey --

And Diana's eyes BLAZE with sudden, ARES-LIKE RAGE --

DIANA
Get your hands off me right now.

But the Bikers are way too drunk to realize what they're getting into --

DRUNK BIKER 1
(a grin)
That's not all I'll get off you.

(CONTINUED)

-- and as Drunk Biker pulls his hand back, he RIPS Diana's dress from shoulder to mid-chest, revealing her AMAZON OUTFIT beneath, breastplate GLEAMING.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR COURTYARD -- CONTINUOUS

BACK TO VANESSA AND STEVE as she leans into the kiss -- then suddenly Vanessa PULLS AWAY sharply, looking at him in SHOCK.

VANESSA

Oh, my god.

Steve doesn't answer -- he doesn't have to.

Vanessa takes a faltering step back from him, her expression CRUMBLING with the realization that HE NO LONGER LOVES HER.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR -- CONTINUOUS

BACK IN THE BAR, DIANA looks down at the TORN DRESS as the BIKERS CROWD around her, it's starting to get UGLY --

DRUNK BIKER 2

(appreciatively)

Metal bra... Nice.

AT THE BAR, DOC gets her beers, her back to the pool tables.

BARTENDER

(nods toward Diana)

That girl in the french cut -- she a friend of yours?

Doc turns, sees the DRUNK BIKERS crowding around Diana --

DOC

Oh, shit.

She drops the beers and SCRAMBLES for the pool tables, as

DIANA is PUSHED and PULLED by the BIKERS -- she loses her owlsh glasses, her hair comes TUMBLING from its tight bun, Drunk Biker RIPS her dress even further --

-- and Diana GRABS his hand at the wrist, STOPPING him cold.

DIANA

Where I come from, you ask a woman before you take off her clothes.

Diana FLINGS him backwards, sending him FLYING across the room to SLAM into the bar, SPLINTERING the bartop and ROLLING over to land STUNNED in a pile of SMASHED BOTTLES.

(CONTINUED)

DRUNK BIKER 2
(in disbelief)
What the hell -- you bitch!

THE DRUNK BIKERS ATTACK Diana furiously, as DOC LAUNCHES herself into the fight, SHOUTING over her shoulder to the other PILOTS --

DOC
A little backup here -- !

THE PILOTS jump up, THROWING themselves into the melee -- and within moments, we have a FULL-OUT BRAWLING BARFIGHT.

DIANA SLAMS her way through the Drunk Guys, a WHIRLWIND of fury, letting all her ANGER and HURT out as she FIGHTS with almost PASSIONATE RAGE.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR COURTYARD -- CONTINUOUS

OUTSIDE THE BAR, VANESSA AND STEVE are still in their silent standoff, Vanessa's eyes filling with TEARS --

VANESSA
I felt it at the hospital -- you
were different. I told myself it was
because of what you'd been through...
but that isn't it, is it?
(with rising anger)
Is it?

CUT TO:

INT. BAR -- CONTINUOUS

DIANA is plowing her way through attackers, as

BEHIND THE BAR, DRUNK BIKER 1 gets back on his feet, spotting a SHOTGUN under the cabinets --

BARTENDER
Hey, get away from that --

DRUNK BIKER SMACKS the Bartender with the shotgun butt, knocks him out COLD, then WHIPS around to set his sights on

DIANA as she PUNCHES another Biker. She sees Biker Guy aiming the shotgun -- she quickly THROWS UP her hands, crossed at the wrists, BRACELETS overlapping --

-- and KAABOOOM! the shotgun BLASTS a blinding flash of smoke and flare -- the bullet RICOCHETS off the bracelets, but

(CONTINUED)

DIANA goes SAILING backwards from the FORCE of the blast, SMASHING into the window right behind her --

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR COURTYARD -- CONTINUOUS

VANESSA

What happened to you out there, Steve?

STEVE TREVOR

(at a loss)

The truth is, I don't really know myself --

VANESSA

(hard, merciless)

Yes you do.

-- and KERRCRASSH! the window beside them EXPLODES outward in a SHOWER of sparkling glass, as DIANA comes FLYING out, landing with a bone-jarring CRASH in a stack of tables that SPLINTER beneath her, just as

DRUNK BIKER 1 BARRELS out of the bar, shotgun in hand --

BIKER GUY

(shouting at Diana)

You want some more? I got more!

DRUNK BIKER COCKS the shotgun hard, STRIDES straight for Diana, so fixated on getting her that he doesn't even see

STEVE coming at him from the side -- and Steve CLOCKS him, a brutally effective one-two that DROPS the BIKER like a ROCK. Steve rushes over to Diana, half BURIED in the table wreckage --

STEVE TREVOR

(worried)

Diana! Are you ok?

-- as she SPRINGS to her feet like a panther.

DIANA

I'm fine. I don't need your help --

Diana starts STALKING back toward the bar.

DIANA (CONT'D)

-- I had it under control --

Steve sees a long GASH on her arm, reaches out for her --

STEVE TREVOR

You're hurt. Let me see it.

(CONTINUED)

DIANA
(jerks her arm back)
I said I'm fine --

VANESSA
You -- you're the one who saved him --
you killed those Marines --

Steve and Diana both turn, startled -- they'd forgotten all about VANESSA, who's now STARING at Diana.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
(to Steve)
All of this -- it's about her, isn't it? You told me she was a goddamn secretary --
(furious)
You lying sonofabitch.

Another CRASH from inside.

DIANA
Well, you two obviously have a lot to talk about. Excuse me.

STEVE TREVOR
Diana -- wait --

Diana PAUSES. Steve stands TORN between Vanessa and Diana --

STEVE TREVOR (CONT'D)
Vanessa -- I'm sorry -- I have to go --

VANESSA
(quiet bitterness)
You're already gone.

Vanessa turns her back on him and walks out into the night.

Steve turns back to Diana -- THROUGH THE BROKEN WINDOW we can see THE PILOTS are putting down the last of the BIKERS. Fight's over.

STEVE TREVOR
Let me see your arm.

DIANA
I told you, it's nothing --

STEVE TREVOR
Let me see.

Wordlessly, Diana holds out her gashed arm. Trevor touches it carefully --

(CONTINUED)

DIANA
(edge of defiance)
It doesn't hurt.

Steve looks at her sharply -- she's not talking about her arm and they both know it. Their eyes lock.

Hesitantly, Trevor's hand goes from her arm to her face --

-- and without warning, Diana suddenly SHOVES him down to the floor and LEAPS over him, GRABBING the edge of the bar ROOF and SWINGING her free arm up to reach into the shadows --

-- to JERKS down a DARK FORM that was hiding on the balcony directly overhead: A COMMANDO.

The Commando comes CRASHING to the ground -- Diana KICKS him against the wall, then PINS him with one hand to his THROAT --

DIANA (CONT'D)
(not even breathing
hard)
Don't move.

Trevor is getting to his feet, a little stiffly.

STEVE TREVOR
I'd listen if I were you. Girl's
got a temper.

THE PILOTS come racing out onto the courtyard.

STEVE TREVOR (CONT'D)
You got a name, soldier?

The Commando doesn't answer, looking at them DEFIANTLY. As Diana continues holding him fast, Tex strips off the Commando's gear, looking it over.

TEX
These are some state-of-the-art toys
our boy's packing, boss.

STEVE TREVOR
Why are you here? What were you
sent to do?

The Commando remains silent -- Diana JAMS him harder against the wall. The Commando WINCES in pain.

COMMANDO
Go ahead and kill me. Cause I'm not
gonna to tell you a goddamned thing.

Diana fixes him with a cold, hard look.

(CONTINUED)

DIANA

Really.

Diana reaches beneath the torn dress -- pulling the thin coil of the GOLDEN LASSO from where it was hidden, tucked inside the wide belt of her gladiator outfit.

STEVE TREVOR

Diana, what -- ?

DIANA

Godforged weapons are very versatile.

Diana WHIPS the GOLDEN LASSO around the Commando. BLUE FIRE leaps up on the lasso, tiny flames encircling the Commando.

DIANA (CONT'D)

One who stands within the lasso cannot lie.

(to the Commando)

Why are you here?

The Commando's face has taken on a DREAMY LOOK.

COMMANDO

Surveillance... Trevor's known friends and associates, places he goes...

DIANA

Are there more of you?

COMMANDO

No. Single man sent to each location... low profile extraction... supposed to get him alone...

(glares at Diana)

But he never is alone...

STEVE TREVOR

Ares said he was on a schedule.
What is he planning?

The Commando gives Trevor a look of nasty triumph.

COMMANDO

I'm a servant to the wargod. I take orders. I don't know what my lord's plans are.

Diana gives him a thoughtful look.

DIANA

Well done. A technical truth. You don't know what Ares is planning --

She leans down, looks the Commando in the eye.

(CONTINUED)

DIANA (CONT'D)
 -- but you do know where he is.

The Commando tries to RESIST -- as he does, the flames go from white-blue to RED, he breaks out in a SWEAT.

COMMANDO
 (trying to stop himself)
 Waiting -- at the strike point.
 Complete infiltration -- one of ours
 in every delegation --

STEVE TREVOR
 Delegation? Delegation to what?

The Commando tries DESPERATELY not to speak -- but the words WRENCH themselves out of him between clenched teeth.

COMMANDO
 (gasping, resisting)
 Camp -- David.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

The group strides through the parking lot, dragging the Commando behind them, arms TIED with wire from his own gear.

Diana is PULLING off the remains of the shredded dress as she goes, revealing her skin-tight gladiator outfit minus the skirt -- THE WONDER WOMAN OUTFIT that we all know.

DIANA
 (to Doc)
 I'm sorry about your dress.

DOC
 Forget it. It was a passive-aggressive gift from my mom, anyway. I'm not really a frilly pink kind of gal.

Diana holds up the dress, barely more than rags.

DIANA
 I think perhaps I am not, either.

Trevor is strapping on some of the Commando's gear -- including a GUN -- as he talks rapidly to the Pilots.

STEVE TREVOR
 (re: the Commando)
 Take him to Langley. Tell them it was another attempt on my life. Let the MP's and the CIA spooks fight over who gets jurisdiction.

(CONTINUED)

PAPA BEAR
(protesting)
Boss, we should come with you --

STEVE TREVOR
Not this time. I'm calling in a big favor. It's going to be hard enough to get her in with me.
(reconsidering)
But now that you mention it, once you're on-base -- might as well suit up, get the jets fueled. Just in case I decide on some, you know, training exercises.

PAPA BEAR
(gets it)
We'll be standing by. This is starting to sound almost like a plan.

STEVE TREVOR
Ok -- who's got the fastest car?

And without a word, they all turn to look at TEX.

EXT. CAR ON ROAD -- DAY

VRROOOM! A 1969 FORD MUSTANG goes TEARING down the road, tires practically SMOKING with speed.

INT. MUSTANG ON ROAD -- DAY

This is the quintessential American MUSCLE CAR, and Trevor handles it with the skill of a professional driver.

STEVE TREVOR
This thing where you keep rescuing me is bordering on out of control.

DIANA
We are both warriors. I do what must be done.
(curiously)
Would you not do the same for me?

STEVE TREVOR
Of course I would -- but that's different.

DIANA
(mystified)
It is? How?

STEVE TREVOR
It's -- it's just --

(CONTINUED)

Trevor pauses, realizing he doesn't actually have an answer for that, not one that doesn't sound at once sexist and ridiculous.

STEVE TREVOR (CONT'D)
(gives up)
Never mind.

Diana looks at him, watching him thoughtfully.

DIANA
Does it bother you? That I defend
you?

STEVE TREVOR
Honestly?

He thinks for a moment, we see the hint of a wry grin as he admits:

STEVE TREVOR (CONT'D)
I think it's kind of cool.

Diana FLUSHES a little, changes the subject hastily.

DIANA
Where are we going?

STEVE TREVOR
To see Admiral Jiminez. He's on the
Joint Chiefs -- he's got the clearance
to get us into the summit.

DIANA
But why would he? And what if he
doesn't believe you?

STEVE TREVOR
I served with him in the Gulf War --
I saved his life. He'll believe me.
And I can trust him.

Diana considers this, looks worried.

DIANA
What if Ares knows that?

INT. ADMIRAL JIMINEZ' HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON A PICTURE OF ADMIRAL JIMINEZ AND STEVE TREVOR,
standing shoulder to shoulder in desert fatigues, clearly a
photo taken in a combat zone.

WIDEN TO REVEAL we are in a wood-paneled study; the picture
sits in a collection of framed photographs on a burnished
wooden desk. Floor to ceiling bookshelves, astrolabes,
sextants and other nautical antiques decorating the room.

(CONTINUED)

ADMIRAL JIMINEZ sits at the desk, typing at his computer. He hears a THUMP on his roof. He pauses, looks up -- another THUMP, louder -- then a CRASH to the side of the house.

Jiminez jumps up, headed for the door --

-- when the study window EXPLODES inward in a shower of glass and wood, as

DIANA AND A COMMANDO come CRASHING in. Jiminez FREEZES in disbelief at the sight of Diana in her gleaming ARMOR.

Gun drawn, Trevor is right behind her, trying to get a clear shot at the Commando -- but Diana DECKS the Commando, knocking him out COLD.

STEVE TREVOR

He was watching your house, sir. We had to take him out.

(apologetically)

Sorry for the mess.

ADMIRAL JIMINEZ

(finding his voice)

Trevor, what in god's name --

STEVE TREVOR

I need your help. And there's not much time.

CUT TO:

INT. HELICOPTER IN FLIGHT -- TWILIGHT

A military transport helicopter SWEEPS through the skies, skimming toward the lush Virginia hills that house CAMP DAVID.

DIANA, STEVE AND ADMIRAL JIMINEZ sit in the chopper, the Admiral BARKING orders into a satphone.

ADMIRAL JIMINEZ

I want this kept strictly need-to-know, you understand me? Enemy agents may already be present in multiple entourages, including the President's. We can't risk alerting them.

(emphatic)

Words of one syllable, son: I don't want any bad guys getting tipped off that the cavalry's coming. Keep it low and quiet until we touch down. Got it?

He hangs up, looks to Trevor.

(CONTINUED)

ADMIRAL JIMINEZ (CONT'D)

If you're wrong about this, Trevor,
it could cost us both our careers.
(worried)
But if terrorists really have
infiltrated the Camp David summit...

STEVE TREVOR

Sir, you can have me surrounded by
Secret Service ten men deep the whole
time. Just get us in there -- and I
can prove it to you.

ADMIRAL JIMINEZ

(to Diana)
And you're sure you can identify the
enemy agents?

DIANA

(confidently)
Questioned with the lasso, they will
identify themselves.

The Admiral leans over to Trevor, suddenly CONCERNED.

ADMIRAL JIMINEZ

(low, worried)
She isn't going to try and beat some
sort of confession out of them with
that thing, is she?

STEVE TREVOR

No, sir -- she won't have to. Trust
me on this.

Admiral Jiminez doesn't look all that reassured. The
helicopter ROARS through the twilight sky, toward the peaks
of CAMP DAVID rising ahead.

INT. CAMP DAVID ENTRY FOYER -- NIGHT

A small group of SECRET SERVICE AGENTS meet Diana, Steve and
the Admiral as they exit the copter. SS AGENT 1 tersely
briefs the Admiral as they all TROT toward the compound.

SS AGENT 1

The G7 leaders are at dinner, sir.
We've secured the dining room --
discretely -- and the President's
expecting you.
(blandly)
He's not happy.

ADMIRAL JIMINEZ

(under his breath)
Yeah, him and me both.

INT. CAMP DAVID DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

They enter a large formal dining room, decorated for a state occasion. The G7 WORLD LEADERS sit at the long table --

-- but strangely, none of them are speaking. The Leaders look up as Steve and Diana enter, their eyes wide and AFRAID. Diana looks past the Leaders -- and FREEZES at the sight of

ARES sitting in the place of honor at the head of the table, a crystal goblet of dark red wine in one hand.

ARES
(raising his glass)
I'm so glad you could join us.

Diana is already moving, LEAPING straight for Ares --

-- and she is JERKED back off her feet as a COMMANDO drops from his perch over the door, whipping a GAROTTE around her neck.

A MASS OF COMMANDOS swarm over Diana and Trevor --

Trevor WHIRLS to help Diana -- then CRUMPLES in shock, KIDNEY-PUNCHED from behind. Trevor DROPS to reveal

ADMIRAL JIMINEZ standing over him, fists balled.

ADMIRAL JIMINEZ
I'm sorry about this, Steve. I really am.

He KICKS him across the jaw -- Commandos PILE on Trevor, taking him down to the floor.

DIANA'S hands FLY to her throat, grabbing at the tightening GAROTTE to tear it away --

ARES
(snapping)
Now!

-- and while Diana's hands are TOGETHER at her neck, the Commandos WHIP a CHAIN around her wrists and JERK it tight.

Diana SAGS as if she had been SHOT -- she GASPS in sudden pain and weakness, SLUMPING down, clawing weakly at the garotte around her neck.

ARES (CONT'D)
(to his men)
You see, like all women -- the right amount of force, judiciously applied, and she behaves.
(briskly)
Secure her.

(CONTINUED)

The Commandos snap MANACLES around Diana's wrists, LOCKING them with a heavy THUNK of metal sliding home.

ARES (CONT'D)

(to Diana)

I didn't have time to go racing around after you -- so I arranged for you to come to me.

In the back of the room, Trevor is HAULED to his feet, DRAGGED forward by Admiral Jiminez and the Commandos.

ARES (CONT'D)

Give me some credit. Of course I knew any man coming near you would be captured and questioned -- so I told all my scouts just enough of the truth to get you here. You and Dudley Do-Right couldn't resist coming to save the world.

(disgusted)

As I said: predictable.

Trevor looks at Diana, concerned -- she's staying on her feet, but her face is PALE and strained.

STEVE TREVOR

(low, worried)

Diana...

DIANA

(unsteadily)

I'm all right. Just a little -- weak.

Ares looks at the beat-up Trevor with amusement.

ARES

As for your connection with the Admiral here -- well, I'd say it was the Fates, if I didn't know the old hags personally.

Trevor, lip split and bloodied, looks at Admiral Jiminez with open LOATHING.

STEVE TREVOR

You -- you'd betray your country --

Ares moves over to Admiral Jiminez, puts his hand over the Admiral's heart. In one smooth motion, he RIPS the pocket of his uniform shirt away --

-- revealing the RED WOLF'S HEAD INSIGNIA on the BLACK SHIRT that peeks out beneath the rip in the Admiral's uniform.

(CONTINUED)

ARES
I am his country.

Ares claps a hand on Admiral Jiminez' shoulder.

ARES (CONT'D)
And in any case, Admiral Jiminez was promoted last night.

The Commandos begin JERKING the terrified Leaders up from their chairs, herding them toward the doors.

STEVE TREVOR
(re: the Leaders)
What are you going to do with them?

ARES
Just a little field trip to Themyscira. They'll be back by morning, no one will even notice.

Diana, though weak, looks up with sudden UNDERSTANDING.

DIANA
You -- you will take them to Doom's Doorway -- rip away their souls --

ARES
(nods approvingly)
-- and replace them with my own, most loyal servants. Attila, Ghengis, Caesar, Hitler, Stalin, Pol Pot -- every one worshipped at my altar.
(wicked grin)
And they're all waiting to serve me again.

He comes closer to Diana.

ARES (CONT'D)
(softly)
Every bomb that falls... every city that burns... every child that dies -- will be a prayer in my name. You cannot begin to imagine the power I will have.

STEVE TREVOR
It won't work. People will realize --

Ares glances up from Diana long enough to look at Steve with deep CONDESCENSION.

ARES
Realize what?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ARES (CONT'D)

(mocking)

That the god of war has stolen their leaders' souls? Let me tell you something, Captain -- no one believes in magic, gods, ancient rites. It's very convenient.

(with satisfaction)

No one will realize anything -- it's the ultimate bloodless coup.

Ares turns back to Diana, running his hand idly over the chains that bind her wrists.

ARES (CONT'D)

Although it should be plenty bloody for the Amazons.

With sudden force, he JERKS the manacles upwards, PULLING Diana's arms painfully over her head as he SLAMS her up against the wall.

ARES (CONT'D)

(intense)

I will baptize my new world with the blood of your godcursed kind. Every last one of them.

Ares DROPS her -- Diana CRASHES to the floor.

ARES (CONT'D)

(looking down at her,
scornful)

I'm looking forward to seeing your mother again. It's been too long.

Ares STALKS out, barking at the Commandos as he goes:

ARES (CONT'D)

Bring him -- and "Wonder Woman" here as well.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD -- NIGHT

A CONVOY of vehicles speed through the barbed-wire gates of a PRIVATE AIRFIELD.

As the vehicles zoom past, stay on the SIGH on the gate:
BUCHANAN INDUSTRIES: AVIATION RESEARCH AND TESTING CENTER.

EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD -- AIRSTRIP -- NIGHT

Several gleaming new MILITARY C-130 AIRCRAFT are lined up on the tarmac, BUSTLING with activity as Ares' COMMANDOS load and prep the cargo planes for takeoff.

(CONTINUED)

TREVOR, now wearing a flightsuit, is being led at gunpoint to an F18 HORNET at the edge of the runway.

ARES, ADMIRAL JIMINEZ AND DIANA are right behind him, Jiminez DRAGGING a stumbling Diana -- with a GUN held to her temple.

Trevor starts up into the cockpit, turns to look back at Diana -- and Ares nods to Jiminez, who COCKS the gun against Diana's forehead, PRESSING it into her skin.

ARES

(to Diana)

You are strong, you heal quickly --
but you are only half-god. And even
an Amazon cannot survive a bullet to
the brain.

DIANA

(hoarsely, to Ares)

I will kill you for this.

ARES

That's my girl.

(cold, to Trevor)

Her life is in your hands, Trevor.

DIANA

Steve -- don't --

Admiral Jiminez CRACKS her across the mouth with the butt of the gun. Ares doesn't even turn, keeps his eyes ON TREVOR.

ARES

(without looking at
her)

Speak when you're spoken to.

(to Trevor)

I'll be right behind you, Captain.
And so will she.

Trevor looks at Diana, his expression saying all the words that he can't -- and swings up quickly into the plane.

ARES (CONT'D)

(to Admiral Jiminez)

Let's go.

EXT. SKIES OVER VIRGINIA -- NIGHT

The CARGO PLANES zoom through the dark skies in tight formation, Trevor's F-18 leading the wedge.

INT. C-130 CARGO PLANE IN FLIGHT -- NIGHT

The huge hold of a C-130 MILITARY TRANSPORT PLANE. The G7 LEADERS are held on one end of the plane, under heavy Commando guard.

(CONTINUED)

DIANA AND ARES are at the other end of the hold, near the cockpit. Diana is held between TWO COMMANDOS, wrists still manacled.

ADMIRAL JIMINEZ is beside Ares, talking on a headset.

ADMIRAL JIMINEZ

Roger that.

(turns to Ares)

The stealth cloaking programs are functioning perfectly, my lord. We are not registering on military or civilian radar.

ARES

Excellent.

Ares speaks into a sleek, small COMM HEADSET stretching from ear to mouth.

ARES (CONT'D)

(into headset)

Captain Trevor, we are clear for you to begin.

STEVE TREVOR

(filtered)

I'm going to need a couple of minutes to get into position, get up the necessary velocity --

ARES

Then you'd better hurry. Before I get impatient.

Ares clicks off the headset, turns to Admiral Jiminez.

ARES (CONT'D)

Keep the formation tight, pace Trevor as closely as you can -- the opening will be narrow and very quick, we must be perfectly positioned for all the craft to get through.

ADMIRAL JIMINEZ

Yes, my lord.

Admiral Jiminez turns away, speaking low and rapid into his headset, giving orders.

ARES turns to Diana, looking her over thoughtfully.

ARES

I admit, you've done better than I expected. Perhaps there is some of me in you after all.

(CONTINUED)

Weak and drained by the manacles, Diana's gaze is still
DEFIANT as she looks up at him.

DIANA

I hope not.

Ares GRINS at this, comes closer to her. He nods abruptly
to the two Commandos.

ARES

I think my daughter and I need a
little quality time.

The Commandos BOW, move away, leaving Ares and Diana together.
Weak and drained by the manacles, Diana's gaze is still
DEFIANT as she looks up at him.

DIANA

(scornful)

There is nothing of you in me. You
tried to kill me --

ARES

(approving)

But you survived -- and took out
quite a few of my men doing it.

(moving closer)

Shall I tell you how it felt, that
anger, that fury, the moment when
you found in yourself the power to
destroy?

(complete certainty)

You liked it.

Diana doesn't answer, looks away -- because it's the TRUTH.

ARES (CONT'D)

I know you, Diana. Better than you
know yourself. Even your powers are
a weak mirror of my own -- I am a
part of you, and always will be.

DIANA

(voice unsteady)

What is it you want from me?

Ares touches her jaw, tilts her head up to look at him.

ARES

Everything.

Diana's eyes FLICKER away from Ares.

(CONTINUED)

ARES (CONT'D)

(reading her mind)

You really think the mortal has anything to offer you? Think, Diana. He will live and die in an eyeblink, but you -- he will watch you stay eternally young, as time sucks the life from him.

(intense)

How long do you think it will take before he starts hating you?

DIANA

You're wrong -- he wouldn't --

ARES

Did you tell him that Amazons can have no children?

(off her silence)

Ah. You didn't. No children, no grandchildren, nothing to leave behind in the world -- you truly think that wouldn't matter to him?

The PAIN on her face says everything she won't. Ares presses the advantage.

ARES (CONT'D)

You don't belong in the mortal world -- but you never belonged in Themyscira either, did you?

(biting)

You must have felt it, what they all knew, what they all said when you couldn't hear -- *blood of the wargod*. *Not one of us*.

DIANA

(with effort)

No -- I am an Amazon --

ARES

You are the daughter of a god!

We can see the CHARISMATIC CHARM that made Hippolyta fall in love in Ares bright, handsome gaze, as he bends over her.

ARES (CONT'D)

Come with me, and take your birthright. I will make your name feared and worshipped over all the earth.

Diana is looking into his eyes, almost as if MESMERIZED.

(CONTINUED)

DIANA
 (with effort)
 I -- don't want to be worshipped.
 Or feared.

ARES
 Are you sure?

Ares runs his finger along the side of her face, a gentle, disturbing caress, FATHERLY and SENSUAL at once.

ARES (CONT'D)
 You could rule Themyscira -- become
 the Queen your mother would never
 let you be. Join me, and I'll spare
 the Amazons to be your subjects.
 You could save their lives, Diana.
 (softly)
 And all you have to do -- is become
mine.

ARES' HEADSET CRACKLES to life. Diana is close enough that she can HEAR Steve's voice as he speaks to Ares --

STEVE TREVOR
 (filtered)
 Trevor to Wolfpack -- here we go.

Ares brings his face close enough to KISS her, his lips only INCHES away from hers.

ARES
 (almost a whisper)
 Pray to me, daughter. Ask -- and
 you shall receive.

Diana leans in, eyes hopelessly LOST in Ares' hypnotic gaze, as if she's being DRAWN by forces she can't control.

ON ADMIRAL JIMINEZ as he SHOUTS OUT to the Commandos --

ADMIRAL JIMINEZ
 Secure for impact! On my mark --
 three... two...

ON ARES AND DIANA as he PULLS her closer.

ARES
 (soft, seductive)
 Women have always had to choose, in
 time of war: ally yourself with the
 strongest man -- or die.

ADMIRAL JIMINEZ
 ...one... mark!

(CONTINUED)

Ares TILTS her lips up to his -- Diana seems FROZEN, unable to resist --

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. AIRCRAFT IN SKY -- NIGHT

TREVOR'S F-18 at the top of its SCREAMING ASCENT in a straight VERTICAL CLIMB -- and just like the opening,

A SHIMMERING SILVER-BLUE FIELD SPLITS open the sky, BOILING back from the tip of Trevor's jet to become a GASH in the sky -- and

ARES' PLANES go TEARING through the opening, right alongside Trevor's F-18.

INT. C-130 CARGO PLANE IN FLIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

A BLINDING FLASH OF BLUE-WHITE LIGHT cracks like LIGHTNING over the cargo hold -- the light FADES, revealing

ARES AND DIANA, as Ares moves the final fraction of an inch -- and KISSES Diana. For a horrible moment it looks like she's actually KISSING HIM BACK --

-- but in reality, she's used the blinding light and Ares' embrace as a DISTRACTION, reaching into her belt, her manacled hands quickly SLIPPING the golden lasso around his neck.

DIANA

(looks him in the eye)

Some women choose to fight.

And she PULLS the lasso taut, gathering all her meager strength in a desperate act of sheer WILL.

ARES

(horrible pain)

AAAAGGH!

Ares SCREAMS and CHOKES, his skin SMOKING as the lasso BITES into his neck, SCORCHING his flesh.

ADMIRAL JIMINEZ AND THE COMMANDOS turn in a panic at the sound of their master's SCREAMS, but

DIANA has put herself cheek to cheek with Ares, she's talking rapidly INTO HIS HEADSET --

DIANA

(shouting)

Steve, listen to me: fly back to your world.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HORNET COCKPIT -- NIGHT

Trevor hears her voice on the headset, double-takes --

STEVE TREVOR

Diana! How --

DIANA

(cutting him off)

Ares cannot return without you, you
must trap him here or both our peoples
are lost!

ON STEVE'S FACE as he realizes what she's asking him to do --

STEVE TREVOR

Diana, no --

And Diana REPEATS the words she said to him in the car:

DIANA

(desperate)

We are both warriors -- do what must
be done!

THE COMMANDOS are SURGING toward Diana -- as

ARES finally manages to TEAR the lasso from his neck, his
hands BURNING as he touches it -- and Ares SHOVES Diana back
with such force that she goes FLYING, sending her SLAMMING
into an oncoming COMMANDO.

DIANA AND THE COMMANDO go flying back, SLAMMING into the
bulkhead next to a BOARDING HATCH.

Tangled up with the stunned Commando, Diana GRABS his gun
two-handed, turns to the hatch --

ARES

(realizing)

Stop -- !

-- and Diana SHOOTS the handle release, BLOWING the hatch
open in midair.

With a WHOOSH of sucking air, the plane DEPRESSURIZES --
everyone goes FLYING, grabbing onto anything they can to
keep from being SUCKED out of the hold --

-- but with one last look of BITTER TRIUMPH at Ares, DIANA
LETS HERSELF FALL.

INT. HORNET COCKPIT -- NIGHT

In the cold moonlight, Steve sees Diana FALL from the C-130 --

(CONTINUED)

STEVE TREVOR
(anguished)
Diana!

She PLUMMETS out of sight, VANISHING into the clouds below.

An INSTANT as Trevor looks down after her, horrified -- then his jaw TIGHTENS grimly. Eyes bright with unshed tears, Trevor JAMS the throttle down.

The jet ROARS forward as he starts the CLIMB that will tear an opening back to his world.

EXT. JET IN FLIGHT -- NIGHT

The bright blue-silver light EXPLODES again around Trevor's jet, washing over the F-18 as a RIP opens in the sky around him -- and in an eyeblink, Trevor's GONE.

INT. C-130 CARGO PLANE IN FLIGHT -- NIGHT

CHAOS on the C-130, wind SUCKING fiercely out of the cargo hold, as the Commandos struggle to keep from being SWEPT out into the dark skies beyond.

Equipment and weapons are FLYING across the flight deck in a deadly BARRAGE of splintering wooden crates and metal.

ARES, his neck still SCORCHED from Diana's attack, SAILS across the hold, easily BATTING aside the gauntlet of whirling, deadly debris to reach

THE OPEN HATCH DOOR -- and he flies OUT into the open night, grabs the swinging door and HAULS it closed.

Touching down on the flight deck, Ares grips the shattered release handle -- and BENDS it. With a SCREECH of tortured metal, the handle CRUMPLES, LOCKING the hatch closed.

The hold repressurizes, the Commandos STUMBLE to their feet. Jiminez SCRAMBLES over to Ares --

ADMIRAL JIMINEZ
(panicked)
My lord, what has she done? Are we
trapped here?

Ares rubs his wounded neck angrily.

ARES
Don't be ridiculous. Themyscira is
shielded against outsiders -- but
Trevor's world has no such
protections. I can return there any
time I like.

(CONTINUED)

Ares glances out the bulkhead window, at the black skies where Diana vanished.

ARES (CONT'D)
She died as she lived -- a fool.
(abruptly)
Prepare the strike teams.

Jiminez and the Commandos SALUTE sharply and get to work.

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN SKIES -- NIGHT

DIANA is PLUMMETING through the air, falling end-over-end, cold winds TEARING at her. The lasso lies TANGLED on her arms, the GUN is still in her manacled hands.

She's hurtling down to her DEATH, we can see on her face that she knows it. Her despair is heart-wrenching.

DIANA
(a whisper)
Mother, I'm sorry...
(closes her eyes)
Forgive me, my goddess.

And suddenly, Diana hears VOICES, soft, INSISTENT.

ARTEMIS (V.O.)
... powers...

HIPPOLYTA (V.O.)
... half-god... far beyond the
strongest Amazon...

The voices come FASTER, OVERLAPPING in a chorus of sound --

ARTEMIS (V.O.)
-- inherited your father's strengths --

ARES (V.O.)
-- your powers -- mirror of my own --

ARTEMIS (V.O.)
-- as Ares is powerful --

Diana's eyes SNAP open with sudden, desperate HOPE, as she completes the words Artemis said to her --

DIANA
-- so am I.

With sudden, desperate hope, Diana tries frantically to TURN the gun to face the chains on her wrist.

(CONTINUED)

Diana TWISTS her wrist, contorting, GRIMACING in pain. The metal BITES into skin, blood RUNNING down her arm -- but the gun muzzle is now FACING THE CHAIN between the manacles.

Diana FIRES, the gun report a sharp CRACK! in the darkness --
-- and the shot BLOWS the manacle chain to bits.

POV DIANA -- the OCEAN below is RUSHING up to meet her with SICKENING speed, water as hard as concrete at this speed.

She STRAIGHTENS her arms and legs, turning her crazy TUMBLE into a KNIFING DIVE straight down -- she LIFTS her head, TREMBLING with concentration and fear --

-- and her body suddenly CURVES upward, SKIMMING BARE INCHES above the CRASHING WAVES below.

Diana is FLYING.

Her eyes widen with amazement and instinctive DELIGHT -- but then her face HARDENS with resolve. She banks and heads over the water, sighting the distant, craggy silhouette of THEMYSKIRA looming on the horizon.

DIANA (CONT'D)

I'm coming, Mother.

(a promise)

I'm coming.

CUT TO:

INT. HIPPOLYTA'S CHAMBERS -- NIGHT

Hippolyta's bedchambers. A fire burns low in the hearth, barely more than coals, casting a warm glow over HIPPOLYTA AND PHILLIPA, consulting over a ledger by the window.

PHILLIPA

It would be better if the training exercises were in the wilderness this year. We are spending too much time in the Arena, we need the practice on uneven ground --

HIPPOLYTA

(absently)

Mm-hmm.

Phillipa looks up from the ledger to Hippolyta, who is STARING out the window into the night.

PHILLIPA

(gently)

I'm sure she fares well.

(CONTINUED)

Hippolyta starts guiltily, tries to sound like she doesn't know what Phillipa means --

HIPPOLYTA

Who?

Phillipa gives her a "don't bullshit me" look.

PHILLIPA

We've been friends for too many centuries to count. You always were a pitiful liar.

Hippolyta SIGHS, looks back out the window.

HIPPOLYTA

(admitting)

It is -- hard, not knowing. And man's world is a dangerous place.

PHILLIPA

Diana is strong and smart -- if a little stubborn.

(pointedly)

Like you.

Seeing Hippolyta's careworn expression, Phillipa SOFTENS a little.

PHILLIPA (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Have faith, Hippolyta. No matter what was said... a daughter will always return to her mother.

Hippolyta turns to Phillipa, about to speak -- when O.S. a faint CRACK!CRACK!CRACK! sounds, like distant THUNDER moving closer. Hippolyta listens, cocking her head --

HIPPOLYTA

Did you -- ?

A WHISTLING noise sounds nearby, coming closer --

-- and an EXPLOSION rocks the building, the firelight BLAZING through the open window from a GRENADE HIT in the courtyard. Gunfire sounds RATATTATTTATT! outside --

-- but Hippolyta is already moving, BARKING orders at Phillipa, grabbing armor and weapons, her mind shifting to COMBAT MODE without even a moment's hesitation.

HIPPOLYTA (CONT'D)

(rapidfire)

Send the vanguard to defend the front line, hold back the enemy advance as

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HIPPOLYTA (CONT'D)
 long as they can. Gather all the
 other legions at the Citadel.
 (utter certainty)
 He will try to take Doom's Doorway.

PHILLIPA
 Ares?

Hippolyta nods grimly, quickly strapping on her sword.

HIPPOLYTA
 It can be no other.

BOOOOMMM! Another EXPLOSION thunders nearby.

HIPPOLYTA (CONT'D)
 Go -- and the goddess be with you.

Phillipa nods curtly, rushes out.

EXT. COURTYARD OUTSIDE HIPPOLYTA'S HOME -- NIGHT

Hippolyta races to the horse paddock, vaults onto her WARHORSE barebacked. Something MOVES against the night skies, Hippolyta looks up to see

COMMANDOS PARACHUTING DOWN, a MASS of black-mushroomed shapes, dropping like RAVENS into the heart of the Amazon city.

ON THE GROUND, Commandos who've already landed are ADVANCING through the streets, firing rocket-propelled grenades to force the Amazons back, then BARRAGING them with GUNFIRE.

HIPPOLYTA WHEELS the stallion, sword high in the air --

HIPPOLYTA
 (shouting)
 Amazons! To arms!

She GALLOPS down into the fighting.

CUT TO:

INT. TEMPLE OF ARTEMIS -- NIGHT

DIANA STREAKS airborne through the sky, approaching the TEMPLE OF ARTEMIS -- but the temple is AWASH in FLAME, walls TORN into chunks of ragged stone, the roof COLLAPSED inward.

Diana TOUCHES DOWN through the gaping hole in the roof, STRIDING horrified through the empty, burning temple --

DIANA
 (calling)
 Magdala? Magdala!

(CONTINUED)

Diana STOPS in the center of the burning shrine, looking on the DESTRUCTION in disbelief -- she CRIES into the darkness:

DIANA (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Goddess -- where are you?

A piece of burning timber CRASHES down -- but there's NO ANSWER. The temple is EMPTY, totally DESERTED.

O.S. the sound of GUNFIRE and EXPLOSIONS in the city below -- Diana looks out the ragged torn-open wall, sees the FLASH of muzzle-fire and the CLASH of weapons on the streets.

Diana raises her face to the sky, eyes reflecting FIRE -- and she TAKES OFF for the city below.

EXT. STREETS OF AMAZON CITY -- NIGHT

THE FIGHTING RAGES on the streets of the Amazon city -- and it's like nothing we've ever seen before.

This is TROY meets GUNS OF NAVARONE -- an epic battle across a mythical landscape, pitting ultra-high-tech guns and MODERN SOLDIERS against GLADIATOR-ARMORED AMAZONS with swords, spears and longbows.

And if you think this would be a slaughter, think again.

THE AMAZONS' ARMOR, SHIELDS AND BRACELETS are made of BULLETPROOF METAL, just like Diana's --

-- so they DEFLECT gunfire, BLOCKING Commando bullets with shields and bracelets, their reflexes almost inhumanly quick.

THE COMMANDOS have to close in for hand-to-hand combat, GUNS versus SWORDS, and at close quarters the Amazons have the advantage -- they've been training for millenia.

HIPPOLYTA leads the charge, astride her warhorse, CUTTING a wide swath through the attacking Commandos --

HIPPOLYTA
(to the Amazons)
Defend Doom's Doorway -- it must not fall!

EXT. DOOM'S DOORWAY -- NIGHT

The Amazons CONVERGE on the nearby jagged cliffs, FIGHTING as they go, coming to a halt in a wide, open plain where

THE MASSIVE GRANITE DOORS from the opening stab toward the sky, stories tall, their center marked with the RUNIC SEAL.

Hippolyta wheels her horse in front of the Doorway, leading the Amazons as they BEAT the attackers back -- when suddenly

(CONTINUED)

ARES sweeps down from ABOVE, halting like the angel of death right in front of Hippolyta.

ARES
Honey, I'm home.

He BACKHANDS her savagely, sending her sprawling into the dirt on her face -- she lies STILL, knocked out.

ARES (CONT'D)
(with satisfaction)
I've waited centuries to do that.

Ares comes DIVING down on her prostrate form -- but

HIPPOLYTA ROLLS over, she was only FAKING unconsciousness. She comes up sword in hand, SLASHES upward --

HIPPOLYTA
(almost a snarl)
So have I.

Ares JERKS backwards, a bloody GASH on his chest.

ARES
I see you're still as much of a bitch
as you ever were.

Hippolyta tries to block but he's TOO FAST, Ares SLAMS her in the face with the butt of his spear. She goes FLYING into a rock outcropping, body CRASHING painfully into stone.

ARES DARTS down on her, using the spear to KNOCK the godforged sword from her hand. The sword CLATTERS out of reach. Ares ZOOMS HIGH OVER Hippolyta, looks down with a cruel smile.

ARES (CONT'D)
Does this feel familiar?

He COCKS his iron spear back for an impaling THROW --

ARES (CONT'D)
Die for me, Amazon. Again.

He HEAVES the spear, it RIPS through the air --

-- and the spearpoint STOPS DEAD an INCH from Hippolyta's heart. Shocked, Hippolyta looks up to see

DIANA beside her, having CAUGHT the spear in the air, WHIPPING it around to HURL it lightning-fast right at Ares face --

ARES dodges snake-quick, the spear WHISTLING a fraction of an inch by his cheek as he CATCHES it, reflexes insanely quick.

(CONTINUED)

ON THE GROUND, DIANA HAULS Hippolyta up with one hand, as her mother STARES speechlessly at her --

DIANA
(a quick greeting)
Good to see you, Mother.
(scoops up her sword)
Can I borrow this?

Hippolyta just NODS mutely, as Diana LAUNCHES herself -- and
IN THE SKY, DIANA SLAMS INTO ARES in midair.

ARES
(threatening)
Get out of my way.

DIANA
Or what? You'll kill me?
(unimpressed)
That worked so well for you the first time.

And the FIGHT is on -- a midair aerial battle, dizzyingly fast, Diana SLICING with the sword as Ares BLOCKS and STABS with the spear, fast and fluid and deadly.

HIPPOLYTA looks up at her daughter, TEARS in her eyes -- then grabs a fallen Amazon's sword and CHARGES back into the battle with a fierce, triumphant WARCRY.

ON THE GROUND, THE AMAZON/COMMANDO BATTLE RAGES directly below Diana and Ares -- and suddenly

THE COMMANDOS all BREAK OFF fighting, SCATTERING to the sides of the open plain -- and in a moment we know why, as

FIVE BLACK VEHICLES come FALLING from the sky, huge PARACHUTES floating over their sleek shapes like billowing black wings.

Gleaming armored black, angular stealth design with the blood-red WOLF'S HEAD emblazoned on them, the vehicles land and ROAR to life, lights STABBING into the dark, PINNING the Amazons in their GLARE.

IN THE AIR, DIANA glances down, through the windows of one of the vehicles -- to see the terrified faces of the WORLD LEADERS inside.

ARES
Time to open the door.

Diana BLOCKS his way, sword in hand, SWINGS for him.

DIANA
I won't let you near it.

(CONTINUED)

Ares BLOCKS her blow, Diana's sword SPARKS against the spear.
Ares SLAMS Diana back --

ARES
(taunting)
Well then, daughter, what are you
going to do?
(nods at the ground)
Just let them die?

Startled, Diana looks down to see

ON THE GROUND, A COMMANDO VEHICLE closing on a knot of
Amazons, PHILLIPA at their head. THE GUN MOUNTS swivel,
TARGETING the Amazons.

IN THE AIR, DIANA pauses, AGONIZED, for a split second --
then ZOOMS down toward the vehicle.

ARES (CONT'D)
(triumphant)
Sentimental fool.

INT. COMMANDO VEHICLE -- NIGHT

THE COMMANDO DRIVER maneuvers the vehicle, as the COMMANDO
GUNNER next to him is about to SHOOT the Amazons --

-- when THUNK! a pair of BOOTS land on the hood. Commando
Driver SLAMS on the brakes --

COMMANDO DRIVER
What the hell -- ?

The Driver CRANES forward, follows Diana's knee-length boots
up her gorgeous, strong legs -- and sees she's standing in
front of the GUN MOUNTS.

COMMANDO DRIVER (CONT'D)
Quick, shoot her! Shoot her!

The Gunner reaches for the trigger -- but before he can fire,
the vehicle SHUDDERS, O.S. the high WHINE of TEARING METAL --

-- as the Driver sees Diana BEND THE GUN MOUNTS BACKWARDS,
so the muzzles are pointing straight down at the vehicle.

COMMANDO DRIVER (CONT'D)
(panicked)
Don't shoot her! Don't shoot her!

ARES, meanwhile, touches down IN FRONT OF DOOM'S DOORWAY.

He brings his fist down like a HAMMER on the runic seal.
The carved runes go RED, as if filling with MOLTEN FIRE --
and the seal BREAKS in two with a CRAACCK! like THUNDER.

(CONTINUED)

DOOM'S DOORWAY begins to OPEN, the massive granite slabs SWINGING aside with a grating, shrieking noise, like souls SCREAMING in torment.

INSIDE is utter BLACKNESS, a darkness deep and terrifying --
-- and inside that blackness, something MOVES, coming to the surface like a sea monsters rising from the ocean depths. Vague shapes SWIRL and RIPPLE upward, resolving into

RAGGED, TERRIFYING WRAITHS thin as shadow, WISPS of writhing whiteness, corrupt HUMAN SOULS that look like something between rotted CORPSES and sharp-fanged, slavering MONSTERS of nightmare.

There is an horrific, unspeakable HUNGER in their clawing hands -- they open their mouths wide and a dreadful, sibilant HISSING comes out, no words, just pure ravenous evil.

Meanwhile, THE AMAZONS are pinned down in groups by the wolfshhead vehicles.

DIANA is trying to disable the vehicles, to save the Amazons, but she can't get to them all --

ARES turns to Diana, as he stands arms outstretched in front of the MAELSTROM of Doom's Doorway --

ARES
You should have stopped me when you
had the chance, daughter. But your
mercy made you weak.

-- and suddenly, a HIGH WHINE sounds overhead, almost instantly becoming a LOW, SURGING ROAR --

ARES pauses, confused -- and, shockingly,

STRAFING GUNFIRE RAKES over the vehicles from the sky, SHREDDING the wolfshhead vehicles with pinpoint PRECISION.

KAAA-WHOOOM! one angular black vehicle EXPLODES -- then another -- Amazon and Commando alike look up to see

TREVOR'S F-18 SQUADRON STREAKING through the sky above them.

CUT TO:

INT. HORNET COCKPIT -- CONTINUOUS

Trevor in the cockpit, flying hell for leather as the pilots REPORT on headset --

PAPA BEAR
All down but one, Boss.

(CONTINUED)

DOC

*I got a twenty on our girl. Looks
like she's alive and well -- and
still kicking ass.*

STEVE TREVOR

Doesn't mean she can't use a little
help.

Trevor fixes on the final wolfshhead vehicle --

STEVE TREVOR (CONT'D)

Last one's mine.

Trevor FIRES --

CUT TO:

EXT. DOOM'S DOORWAY -- NIGHT

-- and the vehicle EXPLODES in a plume of fire, the snarling
red wolfshhead symbol SWALLOWED by flame, the strike so
accurate that the nearby Amazons are UNTOUCHED -- and

DIANA is already moving, LAUNCHING herself straight for

ARES, who has realized too late that Diana no longer has to
defend the other Amazons --

Ares WHIPS around to face her, his BACK to the gaping
blackness of Doom's Doorway, bringing up his spear and
THROWING it with all his force --

-- at the same moment that DIANA HURLS her mother's sword
like a javelin, sending it STREAKING for Ares.

The two weapons CROSS in midair, WHISTLING past each other
in an EYEBLINK --

-- and Diana TWISTS a fraction of an inch to the side in mid-
dive, DODGING the spear as she HURTLES straight for

ARES, who sees the sword coming a second too late.

The blade SLAMS into Ares like a LANCE, the force THROWING
him backwards -- INTO THE BLACKNESS OF DOOM'S DOORWAY.

WRITHING SPIRITS boil up from the black void, skeletal arms
TWINING around Ares like diseased vines, PULLING him backwards
as he STRUGGLES madly --

ARES

Release me! All of you -- I order
you -- I am your god --

Diana touches down at the stony edge of the doorway.

(CONTINUED)

DIANA

And it was you that trapped them
here, for all eternity.

The VENGEFUL SOULS SWARM around Ares with renewed, frantic
FURY, CLAWING and PULLING at him, DRAGGING him down --

ARES

(raging)
You dare not do this to me -- you
dare not --
(to Diana)
You can't destroy me, and neither
can they! You don't have the power --

DIANA

True.

Diana puts her hands on the massive SLABS of Doom's Doorway.

DIANA (CONT'D)

But nothing escapes Doom's Doorway.
Nothing.

She raises her face to the sky, as if drinking in power from
the moon.

Realizing what she's about to do, Ares STRUGGLES even more
madly, but the SWORD and the WRAITHS together are too much
for him to pull free --

-- as Diana starts to CLOSE Doom's Doorway, PUSHING the double
doors of stone CLOSED with all her strength. Stone GRATES
on stone, SPARKS from the granite as the doors INCH closed.

Arms STRAINING, muscles taut and etched in the moonlight,
Diana TREMBLES with effort --

THE COMMANDOS try to get to her, stop her, but

THE AMAZONS form a tight ring around her, BLOCKING the
Commandos, SHIELDING her, as

DIANA pushes the doors with all her might, they're almost
closed -- inside, ARES SNARLS, STRUGGLES like a wild animal.

Diana PAUSES, looking at him for one last moment.

DIANA (CONT'D)

(genuine sadness)
I'm sorry. I would have liked -- to
have a father.

And we realize, strangely, that she's CRYING.

Diana closes her eyes, gathers her superhuman strength --
and SLAMS the massive doors CLOSED with a terrible CRASH.

(CONTINUED)

The noise ECHOES over the island for a long moment.

Diana holds the two halves of the seal up to the door -- the runes GLOW blue, running together like quicksilver -- and pieces of the broken seal FUSE together seamlessly.

Sudden SILENCE from behind her -- Diana turns to see

THE COMMANDOS have all stopped fighting, their faces filled with stunned DISBELIEF -- and then

ADMIRAL JIMINEZ DROPS his weapons with a CLATTER. Wordlessly, all the Commandos do the same -- it's over.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PLAIN NEAR DOOM'S DOORWAY -- NIGHT

The F-18's have touched down on a flat plain. Amazons are SWARMING around the jets, fascinated, curious.

THE PILOTS are climbing down, meeting the Amazons with smiles on their faces. TREVOR JUMPS down from his cockpit, sees Diana STRIDING toward him -- and next to Diana, Hippolyta.

STEVE TREVOR
(smile freezing on
his face)
Uh-oh.

DOC
What?

STEVE TREVOR
The mother.

Doc double-takes on the fully armored Hippolyta, bloodied, bruised, and fierce-looking.

DOC
(agreeing, to Steve)
Uh-oh.

Diana reaches Steve -- she reaches out, GRASPS his hand in the wrist-to-forearm grip we've seen the Amazons use, a WARRIOR'S GREETING.

DIANA
Well fought, Steve Trevor.

HIPPOLYTA
(grudging)
It appears that even men may have
their uses, occasionally.

STEVE TREVOR
Thank you. I think.

(CONTINUED)

Trevor turns to Diana -- and this time, neither one fights what they've felt since the first moment they saw each other. They lean in and KISS, fierce and passionate and joyful that they are both alive.

TEX looks back and forth -- the KISS on one side, crowds of gorgeous, sweaty AMAZONS surrounding them on the other.

TEX

Ok, now this is the kind of rescue mission I can really get into --

Doc SWATS him in the arm.

DOC

Tex, I keep telling you to shut up, and you keep not doing it. Why is that?

INT. TEMPLE OF HEALING -- MORNING

The Temple of Healing, where Epione and her helpers are tending the wounded Amazons. DIANA is at one of the cots, where CLIO is letting herself be bandaged for an arm wound.

CLIO

(protesting)

It's barely a scratch --

EPIONE

(threatening)

If you don't stop fidgeting I'm going to wound you myself, just to get you to sit still.

Clio subsides into aggrieved GLARING, turns to Diana.

CLIO

You fought like a lioness, girl. You made me proud -- you made all of us proud.

(looks at her

searchingly)

But you won't be staying, will you?

Diana looks up -- to see HIPPOLYTA standing at the next row of cots. And the same question is in her eyes.

EXT. TEMPLE OF HEALING -- MORNING

Diana and Hippolyta walk outside, in the early morning sun.

DIANA

They need me, Mother.

(CONTINUED)

HIPPOLYTA

But -- where do you feel you belong?
Man's world, or here?

Diana looks at the sun rising over the Amazon city, still beautiful despite the destruction wrought by the attacks.

DIANA

Both.

HIPPOLYTA

(heavily)

I see.

Diana turns back to face her mother, expecting more of Hippolyta's anger, like the last time she left -- but instead, Hippolyta reaches out and takes her daughter by the shoulders.

HIPPOLYTA (CONT'D)

Wherever you go -- you will always
be my daughter.

Hippolyta takes off the GOLDEN TIARA in her hair, which she was worn from the first moment we saw her --

HIPPOLYTA (CONT'D)

You are Diana, Princess of the Nation.
This is your home, whenever you wish
to return.

-- and she puts the tiara on Diana's head. Diana looks up at her mother, barely able to speak one word --

DIANA

(voice breaking)

Mother...

And they EMBRACE, a hug familiar to mothers and daughters of every age and world.

CUT TO:

EXT. TEMPLE OF ARTEMIS -- DAY

Diana is perched, knees to chest like a child, on a stack of rubble that was a wall of Artemis' Temple. She looks on the sea past the city, watching the sparkle of sun on waves --

-- and then, behind her, we hear the SWISH-SWISH-SWISH of a BROOM on stone. Diana JUMPS up, turns to see MAGDALA -- Artemis, really -- SWEEPING the decimated temple.

MAGDALA

This is going to take months to clean
up.

Diana just STARES at her for a moment, then manages --

(CONTINUED)

DIANA

Where -- where were you?

(outraged)

We could have all been killed --

ARTEMIS

(mildly)

You already know the answer, Diana.

We talked about this. Not a nursemaid, remember?

DIANA

But --

ARTEMIS

Besides, as it turns out, you didn't need me.

(emphatically)

And that's the point.

(sighing)

In any case, you overestimate my strength, even in this sheltered place.

She leans her broom against the rubble, hitches up her skirt to sit down.

ARTEMIS (CONT'D)

I have lived immeasurably long -- and even the gods can grow tired. My kind are relics of another time. You have seen for yourself; the world has moved on. And that is as it should be.

She looks over the spires of the Amazon city.

ARTEMIS (CONT'D)

It is time for what has been lost to be rediscovered; for Themyscira to rejoin the world.

DIANA

But -- you abandoned us, abandoned me --

MAGDALA

I did what had to be done. Like you. I showed you the path as best I could. But you didn't walk, or even run --

(deep pride)

You took flight, beyond my wildest hopes.

Artemis stands, brushes Diana's cheek affectionately.

(CONTINUED)

MAGDALA (CONT'D)

Diana -- this is how the girl becomes
the woman. There is no other way.

Diana closes her eyes -- the gentle sea wind LIFTS her hair
back from her face --

-- and when she opens her eyes, Artemis has VANISHED, and
she sees STEVE TREVOR making his way through the rubble up
to her.

STEVE TREVOR

We're leaving soon.

(drily)

If I can tear Tex away.

He comes to her side, silently twines his fingers in hers.
She looks down at their hands touching.

DIANA

You came back. I told you not to --
and you come back.

STEVE TREVOR

Yeah, well, you know what your mom
would say --

(off her curious look)

Men lie.

Diana suppresses a grin.

DIANA

(mock-serious)

You know, for a soldier, you take
orders very badly.

STEVE TREVOR

I'll have to work on that.

Diana cocks her head at him, looking him over thoughtfully.

DIANA

I don't know -- I think I like it.

She leans in closer -- and they KISS once again, slowly this
time, the city and the ocean sparkling in the sunlight below
them as we

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END